HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1891.

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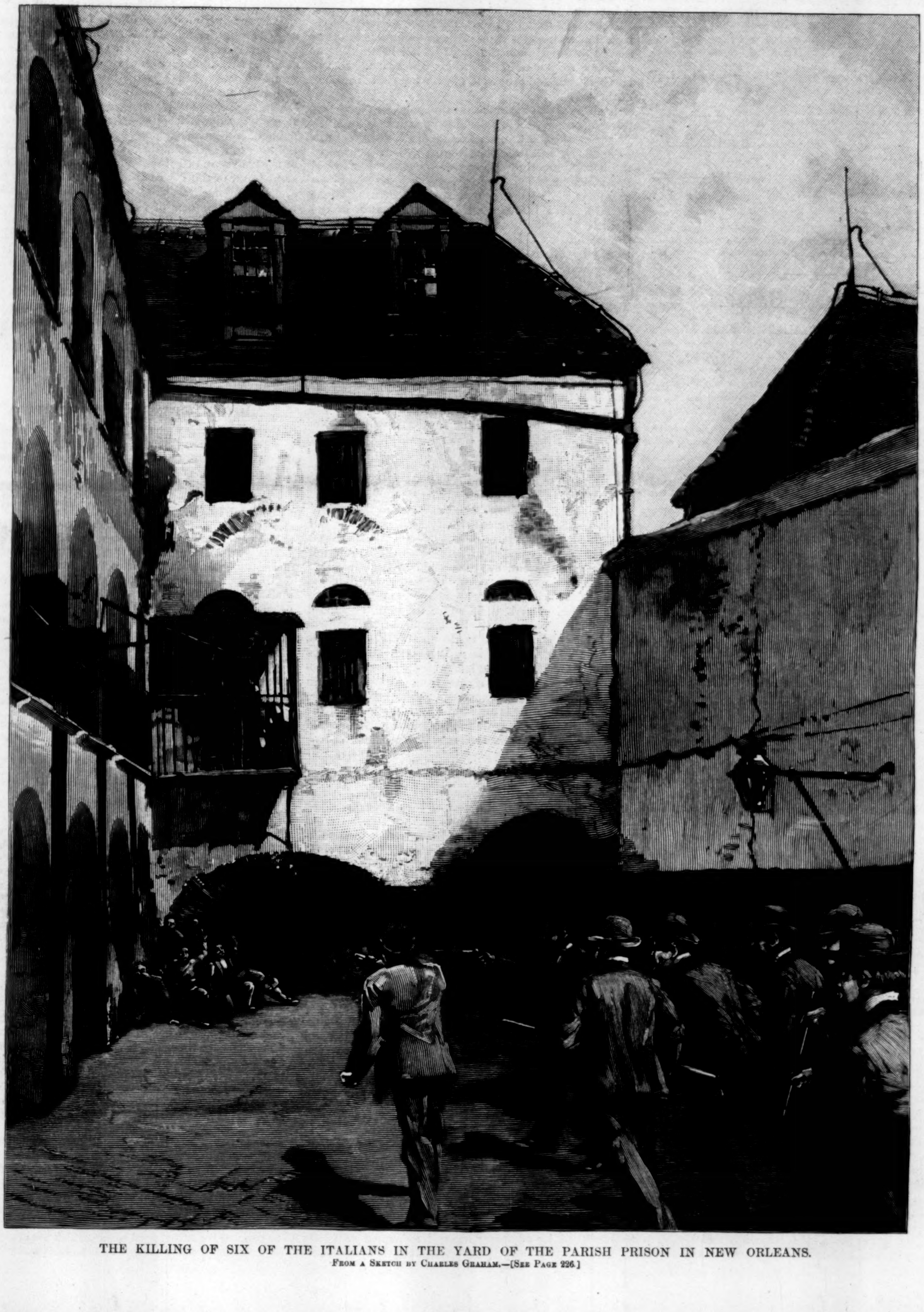

THE KILLING OF SIX OF THE ITALIANS IN THE YARD OF THE PARISH PRISON IN NEW ORLEANS.

FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 226.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR APRIL

The Behring Sea Controversy. By the Hon. E. J. Phelps, late United States Minister to the Court of St. James.

A complete, clear, and impressive statement, so firm and conclusive as to carry conviction to every reader, and from such an authority as to make its publication at this time the great journalistic event of the day.

The French Army. By Gen. Jean Louis Lewal, late French Minister of War, and Officer of the Legion of Honor. Illustrated by T. de Thulstrup.

Glimpses of the Bacteria. By T. Mitchell Prudden, M.D. Amply illustrated.

The State of Wisconsin. By the Hon. W. F. Vilas, United States Senator and ex-Postmaster-General. With numerous portraits.

The Court Theatre of Meiningen. By Dr. Charles Waldstein, Director of the American School at Athens. Illustrated from sketches by the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen.

Argentine Provincial Sketches. By Theodore Child. Illustrated by T. de Thulstrup.

Thomas Hood, Punster, Poet, Preacher. By the Right Rev. Dr. T. U. Dudley, Bishop of Kentucky.

Fiction: WESSEX FOLK. Part II. By Thomas Hardy. Illustrated by Charles Green.—IN THE "STRANGER PEOPLE'S" COUNTRY. Part IV. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Illustrated by W. T. Smedley.—SHORT STORIES by Margaret Crosby and Angeline Teal.

Poems by William Wilfred Campbell and Annie Fields.

Precedence in Vanity Fair. A full-page illustration, drawn by George du Maurier.

The EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS, conducted by George William Curtis, William Dean Howells, and Charles Dudley Warner, containing an unusually attractive list of contents.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

EASTER NUMBER, PUBLISHED MARCH 27.

It will contain stories by Mary E. Wilkins, Hamilton Ormsbee, *and* Harriet Prescott Spofford, *with special illustrations by* Irving R. Wiles *and* Willard L. Metcalf; *articles and sketches by* Francis J. Dyer, Lucy C. Lillie, Olive Thorne Miller, *and other popular writers. The Fashion articles and illustrations include evening and visiting costumes by* Worth, *drawn for* Harper's Bazar *in Paris. The Number is as bright as the season, and is pervaded by the Easter spirit.*

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No. 1788.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH COVER, AND SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING ILLUSTRATIONS AND DESCRIPTION OF "THE NICARAGUA CANAL."

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Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

EX-MINISTER PHELPS AND THE SEAL FISHERY.

MR. E. J. PHELPS, our late Minister in England, contributes an article on the Behring Sea controversy to the April number of Harper's Magazine which is a brief but masterly review of the whole subject. It is one of those candid and comprehensive statements which are conclusive arguments, and nothing that we have seen will do more to mould a just public sentiment upon the question. Mr. Phelps points out that the Alaskan seal fishery is the most important in the world, and that it was one of the important inducements upon which the purchase was made. The seal is not a sea animal alone, but it is amphibious, living upon the Alaskan shore, on which it breeds. To successful breeding, seclusion is essential; and this is obtained by crossing the sea to the Pribyloff Islands, which are a part of Alaskan territory. The crossing takes them beyond the three-mile limit from each shore, and it is upon this passage that they are shot from the Canadian vessels fitted out for that purpose. There is no doubt that in buying Alaska we bought the seals that inhabit its shores, and the only question is whether the United States have a right to protect their property, or whether the fact that the destruction of the property takes place on waters which are claimed to be open sea gives immunity to its destroyers.

When the depredations began and the facts were ascertained, our government proposed to Great Britain a convention, in which Russia should be invited to join, limiting the season of the year in which seals might be taken, and prescribing a close season during which they should not be molested. England, without any assertion of a Canadian right to destroy the seals in the manner complained of, promised its concurrence in the proposed convention, and Russia was at once invited to join, and engaged its concurrence. But Canada, without interest in the preservation of the seals, and finding its present profit in their extermination, refused to agree to the restriction, and as the British government could not persuade Canada, the project of the convention was abandoned. These are undisputed facts. The laws of all civilized nations accord to all innocent animals useful to man protection during the period of gestation, and such wanton destruction as that of the breeding seals by Canadian vessels is therefore repugnant to the good understanding of civilized states. But as such destruction exterminates a large and valuable property—which is actually rapidly perishing, the number of skins having fallen by reason of the Canadian destruction from a yield of 100,000 during the years following 1870 to 21,000 in 1890—why should not the protection which humanity demands for the seals be given by the government? The only plea for the extermination is that it is prosecuted upon the open sea, which is free. Mr. Phelps says that if Mr. Blaine's contention be correct, that by treaty a right of jurisdiction has been reserved to the United States, of which he thinks the evidence very strong, the case is concluded. But if this be not so, and the sea be open, what is the freedom of the sea?

Mr. Phelps's elucidation of this point is a model of fair reasoning, and his conclusion is irresistible that just personal and property rights are as sacred at sea as on shore, and that the seals upon their passage to the islands are the property of the United States is incontestable. This principle has been asserted by no nation more frequently or resolutely than by Great Britain. The instance cited by Mr. Blaine of the British prohibition of the hovering of ships about the island of St. Helena, and other instances mentioned by Mr. Blaine, are justified by Mr. Phelps, who cites the case of the *Caroline* in 1837 as another illustration. They all rest upon the principle of international law which subordinates abstract individual right upon the high-seas to important national rights and interests. Great Britain has never asserted the right of the Canadian ships to do what they are doing despite the necessary consequences. Mr. Phelps at the time of writing his article, some time ago, was of opinion that arbitration would not avail, and that there were but three methods of settling the question: first, by stopping the destruction of the seals; second, by conceding to the Canadians the right to destroy our property; third, by continuing the discussion, during which and very soon the matter will be removed from controversy by the extermination of the seals. In the course of his article Mr. Phelps remarks with great force that a nation will never be formidable in diplomacy when its government in its negotiations with foreign powers is not sustained by its own citizens. Very little has been printed in this country in defence of the contention of our government, but much ability and learning have been devoted to show that our government is wrong. If it be so, the controversy should be at once abandoned. But if it be right, the country should support its government. Such international controversies ought not to be made questions of domestic politics. Mr. Phelps is a Democrat, but he says frankly that Mr. Blaine has presented our case in regard to derivation of rights from Russia with an ability, fulness, and clearness leaving nothing to be added. His paper is an admirable illustration of the tone and temper in which great public questions and international differences should be discussed.

THE MAFIA.

No recent event in this country is so startling as the massacre of the Italians in New Orleans. The circumstances are now familiar. A secret Italian society, the Mafia, sworn to destroy such victims as may be selected, exists in that city. The chief of police engaged in discovering and baffling its crimes was murdered by it, according to the general belief. The accused Italians were tried, and despite what was held to be conclusive evidence, were acquitted by what was supposed to be a bribed, or more probably a terrorized jury. This result was generally felt to be a miscarriage of justice which imperilled the city, and a meeting publicly called and addressed by reputable citizens ended in the attack of a mob upon the prison and the massacre of the acquitted Italians. This was followed in turn by the emphatic approval of the press and of the chief business associations of the city, and by a demand of the Italian Minister upon our government to protect Italian subjects in New Orleans, and by the request of the President to the Governor of Louisiana to co-operate with him in maintaining the obligations of our government to that of Italy.

Such a transaction is the confession that civilized order and legal government have failed; and in New Orleans, as against the Mafia, this seems to be true. The sole justification of such an outbreak is, like that of revolution, that all peaceful redress is hopeless, and that further endurance of the situation is worse than the consequences of violence. In revolutions, however, whoever resorts to violence takes his life in his hand by opposing himself to armed authority. But in this transaction the violence fell upon unarmed prisoners. The plea was that when they ceased to be prisoners the power of the Mafia for crime would be immensely increased, and that the summary death of the prisoners would both prevent the deaths of many more innocent persons and preserve the order of the city. This seems to be the general conviction in New Orleans, and it is improbable that any person, however clearly implicated in the massacre, would be convicted of crime by a jury. This fact shows how critical the situation is felt to be. It is evidently thought that the administration of justice in New Orleans cannot be trusted, and that assassins must be taught unmistakably that bribery or terrorization to secure control of juries and courts will not secure immunity for crime. A gentleman familiar with New Orleans says that the Mafia exercises a terrorizing influence over the reputable part of the community vastly more potent than the influence exercised by the laws of Louisiana upon the ruffian.

It is certainly an extraordinary fact that a conspiracy of foreign criminals has so completely overawed and paralyzed society in New Orleans that the city could be saved to order and law only by a temporary resort to barbarism. There must be a remarkable and culpable want of public spirit in a community where such a result is possible; a want so great as to suggest the doubt whether such a community is capable of self-government. In New York, even with the long and skilful and elaborate frauds and bribery of the courts and the press and personal violence, the ascendency of the Tweed Ring was overcome by legal and orderly means. It seemed sometimes impossible to escape some form of violence to prevent the control by the Ring of the government both of the city and the State. But law and order prevailed. In the event at New Orleans, although the disgrace is national, the responsibility for redress lies with the State alone. It will be interesting to see whether the energy and resolution which dealt so fatally with what was called by the leader of the attack upon the jail a miscarriage of justice will now address themselves to preventing justice from miscarrying. If this bloody assizes drives crime to its lair, will it be kept there by the same force applied to legal and orderly government? If not, the Mafia will have triumphed.

MR. GLADSTONE AT EIGHTY-TWO.

A special correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from London, says that the general election, "unless all signs of the times are misleading, will land Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues on the Treasury Bench." This is probably the general opinion in England, and it is the certain forecast of a complete change in the relations of England and Ireland, "converting Ireland," as Mr. Gladstone has just said in a speech at Hastings, "into a blessing and source of strength to England instead of a source of embarrassment."

The general anticipation of the result shows also that during the great political contest of the last six years Mr. Gladstone has been constantly gaining. He has wrought a change, and a radical change, in English opinion. It is doubtful whether any English statesman has achieved a greater personal triumph than Mr. Gladstone's return to power would be. The situation enhances the importance of the Hastings speech, in which he said:

> "If there had been no divorce revelations, home-rule would have meant making Mr. Parnell the constitutional ruler of Ireland; but after the revelations, the Liberals considered whether they would still place the constitutional leadership in Mr. Parnell's hands, and they decided that they would not do it. [Prolonged cheering.] That was the conviction of the Liberal party in December, and their conviction is now even more strongly held. [Cheers.] That is final. We are ready to face defeat, exclusion from power, and political misfortune; but we will not create a constitutional leadership for Ireland under such guidance." (Cheers.)

He said that the party had always followed the lead of the majority, and that the majority had pronounced against Parnell, and it is for the people of Ireland to decide whether they will support the party. It is the party to which alone they can look for a happy issue of the situation, and should they adhere to Parnell, they would defeat themselves. Mr. Gladstone's speech was unequivocal, and it was timed to coincide with the opening of the Parnell crusade in this country. It is impossible not to look with wonder and sympathy and admiration at the public activity and energy of this Englishman in his eighty-second year.

ROADS AND ROAD-MAKING.

A significant sign of the great and universal public interest in good roads, which is a public concern of the utmost importance, is the publication of a volume of essays upon road-making and maintenance and road laws by a committee of eminent citizens of Philadelphia. The volume is the result of prizes offered by the committee, of which Mr. William H. Rhwan was chairman. The prizes and honorable mention were awarded through the University of Pennsylvania, which warmly encouraged the movement, Professor Lewis M. Haupt, of the Chair of Civil Engineering in the university, being secretary of the committee.

These names and facts show the character and auspices under which the volume has been prepared. It is a serious and able contribution to the science of road-making. It is practical, theoretical, and historical, and it is exceedingly interesting to the vast majority of the people of the United States, who are painfully familiar with bad roads, and who are taxed enormously to perpetuate their badness from year to year. Our national good-nature, which has always tolerated the thirteenth passenger in the omnibus, and always stands in the railroad car rather than disturb the valise upon the seat which it usurps, submits with an unprotesting acquiescence which is both ludicrous and exasperating to the worst system of roads in Christendom.

In the Pennsylvania volume the merits of every system, and especially the two prominent systems, the TELFORD and MACADAM, are fully and most intelligently discussed. There is not a village library in the country which ought not at once to obtain a copy, or a dozen copies, of this manual, nor a public-spirited villager or citizen who should not give his days and nights to it until they have secured good roads. If he is to be accounted a public benefactor who makes a tree grow where none grew before, what civic wreath is fine enough for him who turns the Saharas and bogs and watercourses now known as roads into highways worthy of our freedom, our wealth, our enterprise, and our civilization?

THE LAUGHLIN AMENDMENTS.

THE LAUGHLIN amendments to the Constitution of New York propose certain changes suggested by experience which promise results at which patriotic men of all parties aim. Parties and party spirit are inevitable in popular governments. But those who hold most closely to the desirability of such forces in the community also see most clearly that it is equally desirable for the same end—namely, the public welfare—to discriminate in their application, and to limit them to their proper domain.

That municipal government, although hitherto abandoned to party control, should be free from the control of State and national politics is a conviction which spreads rapidly among intelligent citizens. This is not surprising, because under a system of absolute partisan control municipal government is the acknowledged failure in American institutions, and there are constant efforts to dispense with it, and place city administration on a simple business basis. This result will be favored by the LAUGHLIN amendments, which provide for holding State and national elections in the even years and local elections in the odd years. This course will at least prevent the total subordination of local interests to those of national party success, against which the welfare of a city or town would be impotent.

The LAUGHLIN scheme also lengthens the term of Assemblymen to two years, and of Senators and State officers to four years. By enhancing the length of the term, and consequently the dignity of the office, those who are fully qualified to discharge its duties will be attracted to public life, while the separation of national and local elections into different years will bring out the usual vote at the usual time of election. To these amendments the City Reform Club proposes to add one providing for biennial sessions of the Legislature, which is now the provision in more than thirty States, and is entirely approved by their experience. This amendment is wholly distinct from those of Senator LAUGHLIN. But the scheme comprises changes which are reasonable, and which will be undoubtedly approved by intelligent public opinion. A hearing will be held by the Senate Committee on the Judiciary as this paper is issued, and the case will be then fully opened.

THE "AIR GARDEN."

THE grotesque project of erecting a second story for Bryant Park on the reservoir in Fifth Avenue and calling it an air garden, as if Bryant Park were not itself, like all parks, an air garden, passed the Assembly very rapidly. But its passage gave form and reality to what had not been regarded as a serious proposition, and a loud and strong protest was at once raised. Public parks and gardens and playgrounds are very desirable in every great city, and the State has provided for such breathing-spaces in New York. But there is reason in roasting an egg. If hundreds of thousands of dollars are to be spent for a new park or garden, let it be placed where it is needed, and not in a neighborhood which is already supplied.

On Murray Hill Bryant Park and the reservoir together make an admirable breathing-space, although at that particular spot such a space is not especially needed. To double the height of the reservoir by building upon it would diminish the area and value of the breathing-space to the whole neighborhood, while the other mischievous results have been fully set forth, and the Board of Health has condemned the scheme. Should a building or buildings be erected upon the reservoir, they would be houses of refreshment, and the result is accurately described as a beer-garden. The bill does not provide expressly for such a resort, but it is not forbidden, and nobody doubts what such structures would become.

It is hardly possible that the proposed work will be authorized by the Legislature, and it is unquestionable that if a new park were to be opened in this city, the most intelligent opinion of the city would suggest some other site.

LEGISLATION AND LIQUOR.

THE defeat in the New York Legislature of two bills intended to facilitate the sale of intoxicating liquor is a distinct victory for good order. But another bill of the same kind is pending, and it is not yet time to rejoice as though the victory were complete. The good result thus far is due to causes which show the unconscious change in our institutions.

The Legislature is theoretically the representative of the people. It is a device by which the majority of the people, who cannot personally attend to the duties of legislation, secure the embodiment of their will in law. But nothing is more familiar than the fact that legislation upon any important subject is now procured only by the personal appearance and argument of a few persons especially interested, and of agents employed by them to advocate the action which they desire. These private agents, especially employed for the purpose, do the work which, under the theory of our system, the members of the Legislature are elected to do. Besides this, there are large private voluntary associations organized to supervise the interests of certain public objects, without whose constant vigilance and activity proper legislation for those objects could not be secured. In the present case, except for the action of the Excise Association in this city, and the petition of the Catholic clergy, the mischievous liquor bills would not have been defeated.

This situation is not surprising. Let any man look over the list of the representatives of this city in the Legislature, and see how much they represent the intelligence and character of New York, and he may surmise what kind of government they would give to the city if left to their unassisted knowledge and ability. The theory that anybody in a republic can discharge any public duty as well as anybody else is totally disproved by our experience. It might not be beyond the truth to say that very few Assemblymen are known to the majority of the people who vote for them, and the fact is both curious and suggestive.

GOOD READING.

THE April number of HARPER'S MONTHLY is peculiarly interesting and characteristic. We have mentioned elsewhere the valuable paper of Mr. PHELPS, ex-Minister to England, on the Behring Sea controversy. The State of Wisconsin is felicitously treated by one of its most distinguished citizens, the newly elected Senator, and late Postmaster-General and Secretary of the Interior. Senator VILAS pays friendly tribute to his official predecessors from his own State—TIMOTHY O. HOWE, ALEXANDER W. RANDALL, JAMES R. DOOLITTLE, and MATTHEW H. CARPENTER—and the other conspicuous citizens of Wisconsin, and his historical and industrial summary of the State is very attractive and interesting. The article is a worthy pendant of that upon Iowa by the late Justice MILLER.

Mr. THEODORE CHILD's paper in the South American series, "Argentine Provincial Sketches," is very timely, and his skilful touch is always effective. Dr. WALDSTEIN'S article upon "The Court Theatre of Meiningen" opens a fresh field with an accomplished hand. All these articles are amply illustrated, as is Dr. PRUDDEN'S "Glimpses of the Bacteria," and General LEWAL'S on "The French Army." Bishop DUDLEY'S paper on "Thomas Hood," Miss MARGARET CROSBY'S tale, "Don Carlos," and Miss TEAL'S "Mark Fenton," with the continued stories by CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK and THOMAS HARDY, and the poems by Mrs. ANNIE FIELDS and W. W. CAMPBELL, complete a varied and delightful number of the MAGAZINE.

The HARPERS are issuing also a series of "The Queen's Prime Ministers"—brief biographies of the statesmen who for fifty years have governed England. Three volumes of the series are published—*Lord Melbourne*, *Sir Robert Peel*, and *Lord Beaconsfield*—and a clear idea of the course of British politics for the last half-century can nowhere be obtained more readily and agreeably than in these attractive little volumes.

SAVE THE BATTERY.

THE scheme for seizing more of the Battery for the use of the Elevated Railroad will be powerfully urged in the Legislature, and it is of a kind which experience has shown to be alarming. The plea is specious. It is that the means of transit in the city are inadequate, and that no effective relief is practicable for many months, and consequently that the present facilities must be enlarged as rapidly as possible. That may be true, but it is not a reason for giving to an immensely wealthy corporation a piece of public property expressly set apart for public health and recreation, when other property as suitable can be bought by the company.

There can be always a plausible pretence for occupying all the parks for private gain under a name of public benefit. The Battery is a small park, but it is open directly to the sea-breeze, and for popular and healthful resort there is none more desirable or more popular in the city. The Legislature need be in no doubt that the most intelligent opinion of the city is opposed to the scheme.

A MISLEADING FACT.

A CORRESPONDENT in Ohio calls attention to a statement which we have made in common with many others, and although in itself true, it is yet entirely misleading, amounting to a *suppressio veri*. The statement is that Mr. MCKINLEY was defeated at the late election. This is true; but the assertion conveys the impression that he was not supported by the usual percentage of his constituency, which is not true. On the contrary, he was warmly supported by the popular vote, gaining considerably in his district, and he was defeated only by a gerrymander.

The mere fact of his defeat in a contest waged largely upon the merits of the bill that bears his name was so significant that it has been generally mentioned without regard to the actual circumstances in the district, and our correspondent is justified in recalling those circumstances. He knows, of course, that had Mr. MCKINLEY been re-elected, the general result and meaning of the election would have been the same. Interpreted by the fair canons of our election system, the result was, as we have stated it to be, a signal rebuke of the administration.

The interpretation of a popular election can never be exact, but its general meaning is often unmistakable. If the country had cordially approved the MCKINLEY bill and the election bill, and the general course of the administration, our correspondent will hardly doubt that the result would have been very different. There can be no more question that the action and drift of the Republican Congress were rebuked at the polls in 1890 than that a general and profound distrust of the Democratic party was expressed by the election of 1872. But this fact does not palliate any unfair statement like that of which our correspondent complains.

LAWRENCE BARRETT.

THE death of LAWRENCE BARRETT, after a few days' illness, has deprived the American stage of an actor and a manager who "strove mightily," and who had that genius of hard work which is too little appreciated. Mr. BARRETT had almost everything against him at the outset. But he overcame ill health, a lack of higher education, a lack of money and of friends, and secured all of these excepting health, winning much honorable esteem and a place which it will be very hard to fill. He was not a great actor, but he nevertheless did more for the stage than many men who had talent, or even genius, greater than his, but who made nothing of it. The plays Mr. BARRETT produced were always of a high order, and his endeavors were always a little above rather than bent to the popular taste. The crime lies not in failure, but in the low aim, as Mr. LOWELL tells us, and Mr. BARRETT aimed high, and did not fail. An excellent likeness of the actor, from a painting by JOHN S. SARGENT, was given in HARPER'S WEEKLY of March 14th, accompanied by a full biographical and critical sketch from the pen of E. A. DITHMAR.

PERSONAL.

CÉLESTIN KALTENBACH, who has just died at Dubuque, Iowa, at the age of seventy-eight years, apparently had good grounds for considering himself the oldest postmaster in the United States. He was appointed by President PIERCE, and has held the office continuously ever since.

—Ill health and financial straits have unbalanced the mind of ANNA DICKINSON, once the brilliant lecturer. It is hoped, however, that the removal of care and worry will restore her, and kind friends are endeavoring to bring about the conditions for recovery.

—General MILES, the Indian-fighter, is going to Mexico on a leave of absence.

—A. MINER GRISWOLD, a well-known humorist and lecturer, is dead at the age of fifty-six years. He was an intimate friend of CHARLES F. BROWNE (Artemus Ward), and his pen name was "The Fat Contributor."

—A bell that formed a part of the loot which NAPOLEON I. carried from Switzerland now hangs in a school-house at Paterson, New Jersey. It is made of silver and copper, and is supposed to be several hundred years old.

—Ex-Premier CRISPI, of Italy, finds the law a profitable profession, an Italian steam-ship company having engaged him as counsel at an annual salary of 50,000 lire.

—Miss NANNIE BAYARD, the youngest daughter of ex-Secretary BAYARD, is to marry Count LOWENHAUPT, of Sweden, who has been studying ship-building in Wilmington, Delaware, and is heir to a large estate in his own country.

—The Legislature of Washington proposes to change the name of Mount Rainier, one of the tallest peaks in the State, to Mount Sherman, in honor of the dead General.

—Senator PEFFER, of Kansas, has had each of his eight children, three of whom are girls, learn a trade. Type-setting seems to have been most popular with them, although one daughter has fitted herself to become an amanuensis, and one son is a locomotive engineer.

—The late Lord ALBEMARLE was known as the father of the British House of Lords, for he was its oldest member. He was an intimate friend of the Duke of Wellington, and was the last of a group who always attended the Duke's annual Waterloo banquet.

—Mrs. P. D. OSGOOD has been postmistress of North Penobscot for the past twenty-eight years, the smallness and insignificance of the office, and possibly her sex, sparing her amid the fatalities of changing administrations.

—Montreal's new Mayor, Hon. JAMES MCSHANE, is fortunate in having a beautiful wife, who is popular with her own sex. Her influence in the city, which admits of woman's suffrage at civic elections, not only largely increased the women voters at the recent election, but also brought their ballots to her husband.

—The legal adviser of the Mikado of Japan is HENRY W. DENISON, who formerly lived in New Hampshire, but has been a resident of Japan for twenty-three years.

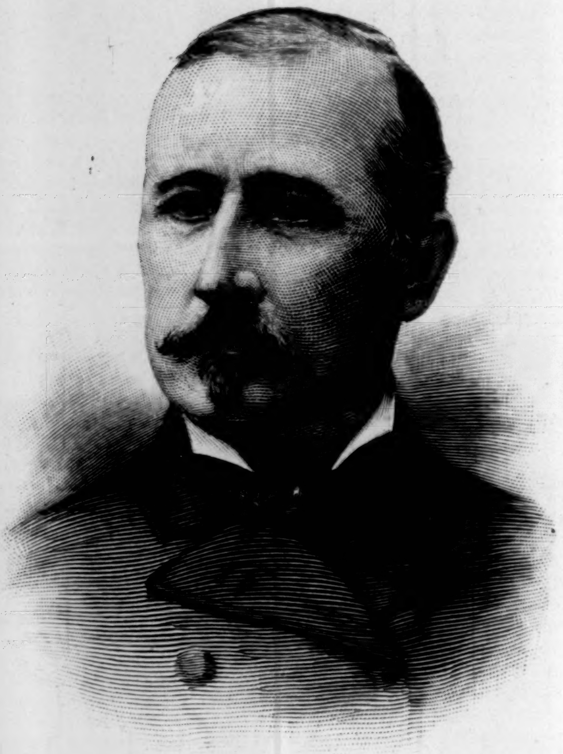
—Friends of the late Secretary WINDOM have raised $50,000, which will be invested for the benefit of Mrs. WINDOM.

—Steps recently taken by the British Parliament for the purchase and preservation of ANNE HATHAWAY'S cottage and Wilmcote Cottage, the home of SHAKESPEARE'S mother, at Stratford-on-Avon, are said to have materially disarranged the plans of certain American speculators, who wanted to transfer the relics across the Atlantic.

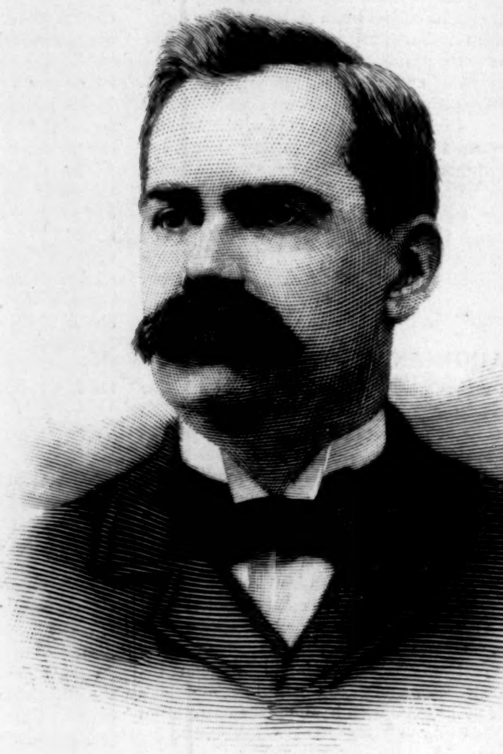
—GEORGE W. SMALLEY, the well-known newspaper correspondent, has so far recovered from his recent severe illness as to resume letter writing for the New York *Tribune*.

—Mr. HENRY W. RAYMOND, private secretary to Secretary TRACY, of the Navy Department, is announced to deliver two July lectures in the Chautauqua course on the United States navy. These lectures will be profusely illustrated with stereopticon views, showing the contrast between vessels of the old type and the new "squadron of evolution." Mr. RAYMOND has contributed some of the best work of his pen on naval affairs to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

—ALFRED PARSONS, whose illustrations in HARPER'S MAGAZINE have so long been a source of inspiration and delight to the lovers of pictorial art in America, has won deserved recognition as one of the most accomplished of living English artists. The Fine-Art Society of London has now on exhibition a series of his drawings representing the "Gardens and Orchards of England," of which many words of praise are being spoken by art critics and the press, and others best qualified to judge of their merits.



HON. CHARLES N. FELTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TABER, SAN FRANCISCO.



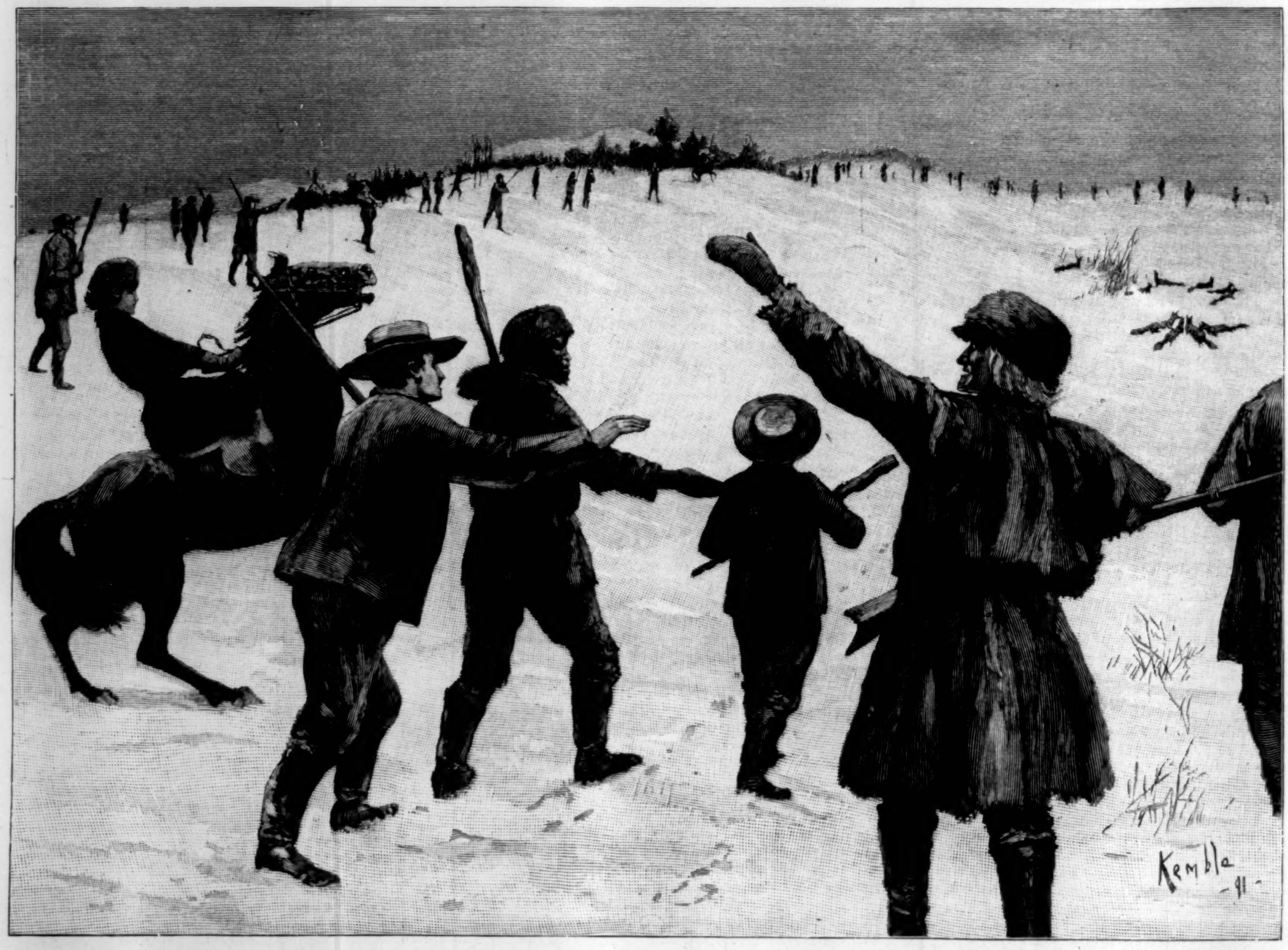
WILLIAM S. PARKERSON.—[SEE PAGE 226.]

SENATOR FELTON.

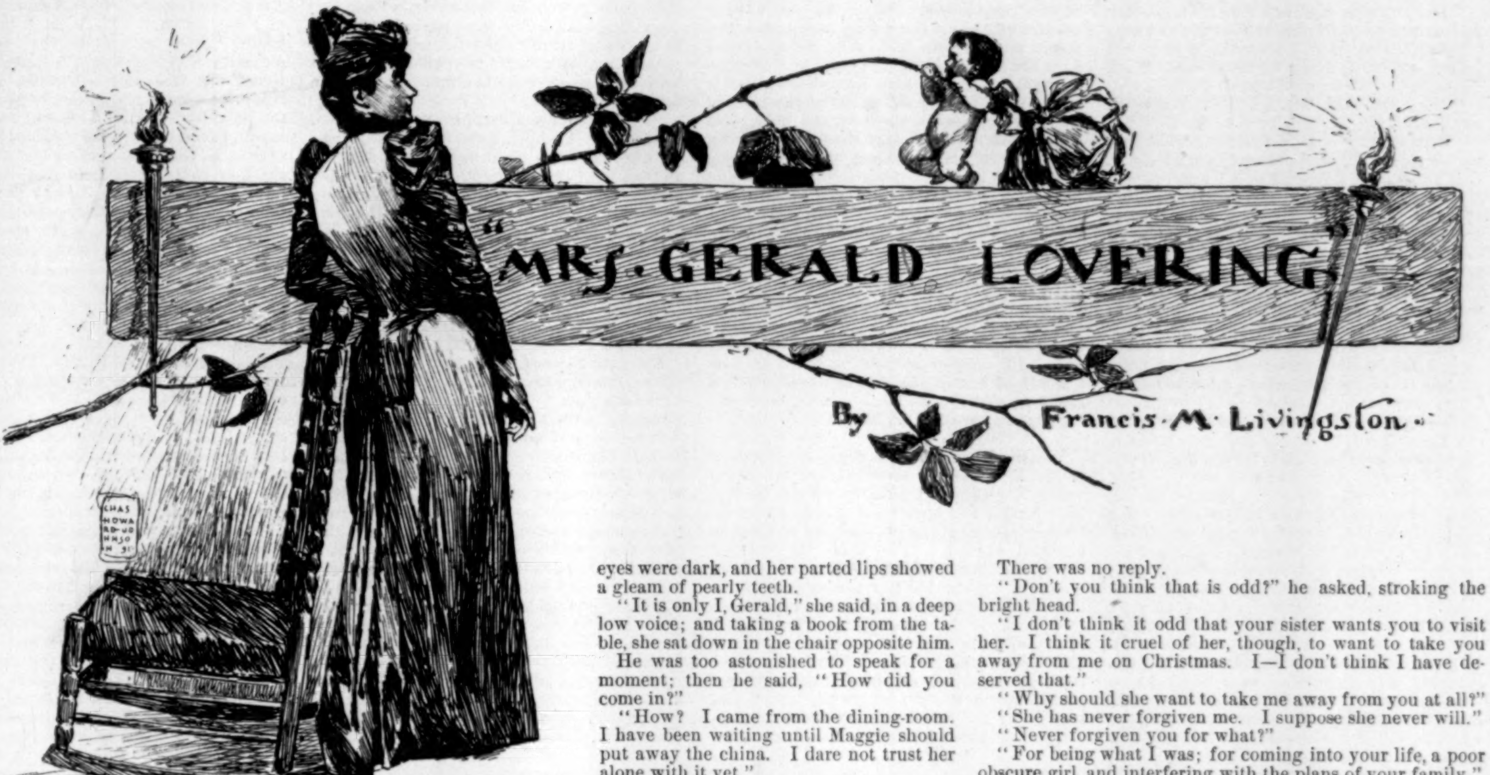
THE Senatorial contest that has just come to an end in California was a remarkable one in several respects. The term of Senator Stanford expired on the 4th of March, and some time since he was re-elected. The death of Senator George Hearst, whose term ran till March 4, 1893, made it necessary to choose another Senator. There was a large Republican majority, and several Republican aspirants for the place. There was no agreement on a caucus candidate, and it seemed for a time that there might be a dead-lock. The leading candidates at first were M. H. De Young, proprietor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and Morris M. Estee, who was supposed, whether rightly or wrongly, to represent the Stanford wing of the party and the Spreckels interest. After several ballots, Mr. De Young withdrew in favor of Mr. Felton, and on the eighth ballot the latter was chosen Senator.

Rumors of bribery in connection with the election were rife, and there were allegations that the office was really for sale to the highest bidder. When these rumors first appeared, Mr. Felton wrote at once to the Attorney-General of the State, asking an investigation. The Attorney-General's reply was to the effect that so far as he had examined into the matter, it appeared that neither Mr. Felton nor any other candidate had done anything improper.

The new Senator, Charles N. Felton, is a native of Erie County, New York, and is in his fifty-ninth year. He was one of the "Argonauts" of '49, and made a fortune within a few years thereafter. He has been Assistant United States Treasurer, and Treasurer at San Francisco, and has served two terms in the California Legislature. In 1884 he was chosen a Representative in Congress from the Fifth District of California, and was re-elected in 1886. His long experience in finance and his legislative service have made him an advocate of the gold standard, and he is therefore opposed to the free coinage of silver. Mr. Felton is recognized in California as a man of much ability, and he goes to the Senate as a representative not of any man or any corporation, but of the State of California.



A FOX DRIVE IN TENNESSEE.—DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.—[SEE PAGE 223.]



"MRS. GERALD LOVERING."

By Francis M. Livingston.

IT was a cold and drizzly November night when Mr. Gerald Lovering let himself into his bachelor apartment in the Beauvoir. He flung off his wet overcoat, dropped his umbrella by the grate, and rang the bell for his valet. The ring was not answered, and he was about to repeat the summons, when he remembered that he had told Edouard he could have the evening to himself, as Mr. Lovering had expected to be well on his way to Albany by this time.

"A devilish unlucky thing my missing that 6.30 train," he muttered. "No other now until 10 o'clock; that will bring me into Albany at 2.35 A.M.—a beastly hour!"

There was a low fire in the grate. He threw some coal on it, after lighting the gas, and in a few moments it blazed up brightly, and threw out a grateful heat. Mr. Lovering drew off his wet boots, and poked around for his slippers; then he got out a handsomely embroidered Japanese dressing-gown, and exchanged his coat for it. Wheeling an easy-chair in front of the grate, he sat before the fire, with his feet on the fender. "Yes, this is far more comfortable than being routed out long before daybreak," he said. "I'll spend the night here, and take the morning train."

In a short time he rose, and turning out the upper gas, lit a drop-light with a ruby-colored shade, and reached out his hand for a French novel on the table. As he did so, he caught sight of three letters he had not noticed before. The first was very light, and the superscription was in a familiar hand. "Only Crandall's bill," he muttered, and tossed it on the table unopened. The second was from his sister, an invitation to spend Christmas week with her at Tuxedo. The third letter was a heavy square one, and as he slipped the ivory paper-knife under the flap of the envelope, he gave a start of surprise. The letter was addressed "Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Lovering." "What a ridiculous mistake!" he said, aloud. Within was another envelope of heavy white paper, addressed in the same manner, and containing wedding-cards of Mr. Maynard Caldwell and Miss Helen Waterman. Mr. Lovering took up the envelope again. "Is Caldwell so deliriously happy that he thinks everybody else is married?" he said.

Maynard Caldwell was one of his oldest and most intimate friends. The two men had been boys together, and afterward college-mates. Lovering was the elder by two years.

"We didn't think ten years ago that Maynard would be married first. Ah me! 'Mrs. Gerald Lovering' didn't sound so strange then. But that's all past now."

He threw his head back on the velvet cushions of the chair. The red glow of the lamp-light cast a becoming tinge over his delicate high-bred features. His forehead was high, his eyes dark and heavy-lidded, his nose straight, and a tawny mustache half concealed a handsome if rather weak mouth.

"That was a bad dinner I had at the club to-night," he said. "And how I had to bolt it, only to miss that confounded train! I wonder if I shall dine all my life at clubs and restaurants."

He again took up the envelope of Caldwell's wedding-cards, and looked at it long; then stared into the fire.

"Mrs. Lovering—Mrs. Gerald—will there ever be one now?" he murmured. "I can imagine her sitting beside me here reading aloud—her voice would be low and musical—or with a bit of fancy-work in her hands, softly humming a little tune. It would be very pleasant."

The fire was very warm, and the white hot coals made Gerald's eyes moisten and wink a little as he looked into them.

"But who among all the women I know can I imagine sitting in that chair? Not Kate Caradin, or Lucille Jennings, or Mary Willoughby? No; none of these. Her name should be Madeleine or Adelaide, and she should have soft brown hair and clear gray eyes. Madeleine Lovering—Mrs. Gerald. It's very strange, but now that I have seen it written it seems—that—perhaps— Eh? What's that? Who's there?"

A light step on the inlaid floor brought him with a start out of his reverie. He turned his head, and at the same moment there appeared on the other side of the table, within the circle of red lamp-light, the slender figure of a young woman. Her head was without covering of any kind, and her hair was of a beautiful reddish chestnut color. Her eyes were dark, and her parted lips showed a gleam of pearly teeth.

"It is only I, Gerald," she said, in a deep low voice; and taking a book from the table, she sat down in the chair opposite him.

He was too astonished to speak for a moment; then he said, "How did you come in?"

"How? I came from the dining-room. I have been waiting until Maggie should put away the china. I dare not trust her alone with it yet."

"Who is Maggie?"

"The new girl. That is her name."

"What new girl?"

The lady broke into a musical little laugh. "My dear Gerald, you seem to be in a questioning mood this evening. I don't think you can be quite awake yet, are you? I came in to look at you for a moment a while ago, and you were sleeping quite soundly." Her face assumed a serious expression, and she bent a little toward him. "I am afraid you are working too hard, Gerald. You look so tired and pale sometimes that it makes me feel like crying. I am glad you decided not to go to Albany to-night."

Gerald still sat upright, an elbow on either arm of his chair, dumfounded. Who was this singular and beautiful young woman who had suddenly appeared in his parlor, who called him Gerald, and seemed to know of his affairs, who reclined now at her ease in the chair opposite him, as though she belonged there, and with the toe of one dainty boot on the fender, looked dreamily into the fire? He doubted if he were awake.

"It's the very oddest thing I ever heard of in all my life!" he murmured.

"What is odd, dear? That I should be so solicitous?" she said, withdrawing her eyes slowly from the fire. "I do not think I am unduly so. I only don't want you to tire yourself out working for me."

"For you?"

"Yes; for I know it is for me you are ambitious far more than for yourself, dear Gerald. You like to see your wife well dressed as other women. You want her to have a beautiful home, where she can entertain, and to shine in society." With a rapid, graceful movement she seated herself on a low stool at his feet. "Of course I would like all that, dear Gerald—I would not be a woman otherwise—but, dearest, you are more to me than any of these things. Only let me have you every evening in our own cozy little home, by our own fireside, and I shall be content."

She took one of his hands in both of hers, and rubbed her forehead and cheek against it, in a gentle, meditative fashion, which, in spite of his amazement, Gerald found very pleasant. He looked now at the graceful contour of her head and neck, shaded by the rippling warm hair, the round firm arm and wrist, the daintily shaped hands, which were fondling his own at this moment, and he could swear that he had never seen her before in his life.

Then suddenly remembering the wedding-cards, he knew for certain what had happened. He had fallen asleep in front of the fire while thinking of Maynard Caldwell's marriage and the odd mistake in the address of the cards, and had dreamed he was married himself. He had tried to imagine what his wife would be like, and she had come to him in the form of a beautiful vision. He sat very still, for fear he would awake; while the dream lasted, he wanted to enjoy it. She lifted her head, and looked up into his eyes.

"Of what are you thinking, dear?"

"Of you," he answered.

She pressed his hand gently.

"How long have we been married?" he asked.

"It will be three years on the 5th of next month," she answered, with a look of slight surprise. "Have you forgotten, Gerald?"

"Oh no; only the day. You know my memory is fickle about dates."

"I hope not about that one," she said.

"Do you think Maynard Caldwell will be as happy as we are?" he asked. He wanted to call her by her name. He wondered if it was Madeleine.

"Nobody can be as happy as we are, Gerald."

"Have you seen his cards?" and he reached out his hand very slowly for them. He was afraid a sudden movement might awake him. He almost feared to touch a tangible object.

She took the envelope, and glancing at the address, drew out the cards. "They are very pretty," she said. "You would like to give Maynard's bride a nice present, wouldn't you, Gerald?"

"Yes." His eye caught sight of the other letters. "Here is a note from my sister Clara," he said.

A little shadow fell across the face between him and the fire-light.

He read his sister's letter again. It was word for word as he remembered it. "She invites me up to Tuxedo for Christmas," he said.

The shadow deepened.

"She says not a word about you."

There was no reply.

"Don't you think that is odd?" he asked, stroking the bright head.

"I don't think it odd that your sister wants you to visit her. I think it cruel of her, though, to want to take you away from me on Christmas. I—I don't think I have deserved that."

"Why should she want to take me away from you at all?"

"She has never forgiven me. I suppose she never will."

"Never forgiven you for what?"

"For being what I was; for coming into your life, a poor obscure girl, and interfering with the plans of your family."

Gerald reflected in amazement. His "family" consisted of his married sister and his mother, who lived with her. His father had been dead many years, and no man had ever been more complete master of his movements than Gerald Lovering. His mother and sister would both have been glad to see him married, and often so expressed themselves. But why try to reconcile the fairy pinnacles and minarets of a mirage with the wind-blown sands of the desert? She was the soul of his dream, and should dictate all its driftings.

"But it was not my fault, Gerald."

"Your fault that you loved me? No; no more than it was mine that I loved you. We have neither of us anything to regret."

"No; nothing to regret."

There was a note of pathos in her echo of his words which ended in a rising inflection, giving them almost the semblance of a question. Her eyes again assumed a slumberous dreamy expression, and there was silence between them for some moments.

"Tell me now what you are thinking of?" he asked.

She did not answer him at once, then looking up at him, said, softly: "I am thinking of a December night three years ago, of merry jingling bells, and a young man and a young woman in a sleigh. They are snugly wrapped in furs, and fly over the white moonlit road at a rapid pace. The girl is happy, for she loves the man by her side. Her hands are clasped round his arm, and when the houses of the village are left behind, her head nestles on his shoulder. He bends his head down to her ear, and though no one is in sight, he whispers, 'Edith!'"

"Edith—her name is Edith?" broke in Gerald.

"Yes," she answered. "He whispers: 'Edith, will you marry me to-night? Everything is in readiness, darling, if you will consent. I have even engaged a minister, and I am taking you now to his house. If you say yes, in a few moments you will be mine, and in an hour we will be on our way to New York. Can you trust me, Edith? See! we are here.' He reins in the horse before a little wooden house; a light is shining from the window; the door opens, and an old man appears. The girl suffers herself to be lifted from the sleigh and led into the house as in a dream. In a quarter of an hour she comes out a wife."

"That was you?"

"Yes."

"And the man?"

"Have you forgotten that night?"

"You trusted him then, Edith; do you trust him now?"

She bent her face over his hand and pressed her cheek against it.

"And he? Has the love of a good, pure woman made him a happier, better man? Is he conscious of the blessing Heaven sent him, or has possession rendered him unmindful? Has he ever been less loving than on that night when he carried you away?"

He took her face in his two hands, and turned it upward. To his surprise, her eyes were filled with tears.

"The man is a wretch who would bring tears to such beautiful eyes. Surely that man is not your husband; it is not I, Edith?"

"No; it is not you. I weep for joy, Gerald."

He took her in his arms and pressed a kiss upon her mouth. She gently released herself, and blushing, rose from the stool, and resumed her former seat by the table.

"If this is a dream," thought Gerald, "it is a strangely vivid one." His heart was beating rapidly, his cheeks and hands tingling. For the first time since he had become conscious of the presence of the strange being opposite him, he rose from his chair. Standing with his back to the fire, he surveyed the wall opposite. There were all the familiar objects of his bachelor apartment. His fencing foils crossed above a little table, on which stood a large picture of a celebrated actress and a marble statue of Daphne, with a faint line running around the neck, showing where it had been broken by being knocked off the table the day before. The head had not been mended, but only set on the statue. He went to it and lifted it off. Then he cast a glance around the room—at the hangings of the windows, the divan in the corner, and the India rugs on the inlaid floor. There was not the slightest sign of a feminine occupant of the room except the tall graceful figure reclining in the chair before the fire. He could hear the occasional dull roar of the elevated trains, and the steady beat of the rain against the window. He was not dreaming; of that he was quite certain now. He crossed the room, and stood beside her. "Edith!"

"What is it, Gerald?"

"Did you ever hear of a man falling asleep and dreaming a dream, and of his awaking afterward and finding everything as it was before, except a figure in his dream, which continued to abide with him?"

"No," she said, faintly. "Why do you ask that?"

"Because that is apparently what has happened to me. I must have fallen asleep in that chair, and dreamed that I was married to you. I awake from my dream, and find you still with me. It is very pleasant to have you here, but I tell you, upon my honor, that until to-night I never saw you before in all my life. So I am either dreaming or—"

He stopped, and regarded her intently. She was looking at him with a vague terror in her eyes, her face was pale, and her under-lip slightly drawn downward. For a fleeting second there seemed something familiar in the expression of the frightened upturned face. Then between him and its pallid loveliness there came the memory of a thin, high-bred old face—the face of his mother's mother. He remembered that when he was a child she had lived with them, and that she was very fond of her little grandson, always having boxes of sweets for him in her room. He remembered also how on several occasions, when he went to her room, he found her sitting very upright and fantastically arrayed; and she had exclaimed, in her shrill old voice, "Kneel down, and kiss the hand of your queen." Gerald had thought it very funny, and wanted to play at being grandma's subject, and kneel at her feet, and could not understand why his mother wept, and led him from the room. Shortly after this his grandmother had disappeared from the house, and when he asked for her, he was told she had gone on a visit. She never returned, but he knew she did not die until several years later, and although he had never been told in words, he gradually, as he grew older, came to a knowledge of the fact that his grandmother's mind was affected. Sometimes, when he read of hereditary insanity, this memory gave him a slightly uncomfortable feeling.

Just now there seemed a strange connection between the withered little old woman sitting in her arm-chair and commanding people to kneel at her feet, and himself standing before this beautiful enigma who spoke and acted as though she were his wife, yet whose face was unknown to him. Nevertheless he said, quite calmly, "So I am either dreaming, Edith, or I am mad."

She sprang to her feet, and laid her hand on his lips. "Don't, Gerald, don't speak like that; you frighten me. Oh, Gerald, don't you love me any more?"

"Love you? Yes, I love you very much, and that seems the oddest part of it to me."

As he stood looking into her troubled face, a test suddenly occurred to him.

"Where is the new girl you spoke of when you first came into the room? I should like to see her."

"Shall I call her?"

"Yes."

"I will, Gerald, if you would like to see her."

He sat down in his old place. She bent over him and touched his forehead with her lips, then lifting the portières, passed through the adjoining room to the door at the back, and opening this, called softly, "Maggie!"

She called again a little louder, and then he heard the rustle of her garments as she passed through the door. He waited for what seemed a long time. At the end of about five minute she went to the door at the back of the second room, and called, "Edith!" His voice sounded strange in his own ears, and he listened, hearing nothing. He passed quickly into the next two rooms, lighting the gas in each. There was no one there. A door opened from the last room into a little hall which connected with the main hall on his floor. It was fastened with a spring lock. He opened it, and passed through the dark corridor into the brightly lighted hall without. The elevator was just descending.

"Stop!" he cried. "Henry, have you taken anybody down from this floor?"

"Yes, sir; two gentlemen; about ten minutes ago."

"You did not take a—a lady?"

"No, sir. I saw a lady in the lower hall just before I came up this time, but I did not carry her down."

"What did she look like?"

"A tall lady dressed in black; and what I thought was very strange, sir, was that she went right out into the rain without any umbrella, or even a hat, for she was bareheaded, sir."

Some one below rang the bell. The man drew his door to slowly, as though waiting to see if Mr. Lovering had anything more to say.

"One moment, Henry. Did you know this lady? Had you ever seen her before?"

"No, sir."

Gerald returned to his rooms by the main entrance, and hastily put on his coat and shoes. He descended to the street. The rain was still falling; and as he stood at the bottom of the steps, watching the cars with their different colored lights pass up and down Broadway, he felt the hopelessness of trying to discover where his strange visitor had gone. A policeman stood on the corner, under an electric light. For a moment he thought of accosting the man, and inquiring if he had seen her. The idea was repugnant to him the next instant, and he wandered up and down the street for a while, and then re-entered the house. When he reached his apartment, he sat for a long time before the fire in the chair she had sat in, and pondered over the strange occurrence. The longer he thought of it, the more inexplicable did it seem. But for the statement of the man in the elevator that he had seen a lady, who could have been no other than the one who had been in his apartment, pass out of the front door, he would have tried to persuade himself that he had dreamed the whole thing. He grew afraid to think of it any longer, and resolved to go to bed. Opposite the fireplace was an alcove, in which was a folding bed. The curtains were drawn back. Gerald entered this alcove, and threw off his dressing-gown. As he turned, an object on the floor, half concealed by the folds of the curtain, brought from him a loud exclamation of surprise. He stooped and picked it up. It was a small jet bonnet, to which was attached a heavy black veil. Beside it was a little hand-bag, such as are carried by ladies.

When eleven o'clock rang out from a neighboring church tower, Gerald Lovering was still sitting in the same attitude he had kept for the last hour—his elbows on the table, his head in his hands—staring at the bonnet and satchel before him. He had not touched either of them after placing them upon the table. He felt that she must return to claim them, and at every sound looked toward the door, expecting to see it open. A few minutes after eleven he heard hurried footsteps on the marble pavement of the hall; there was the rattle of a key in the lock, and he had barely time to whisk the bonnet and bag under the low-hanging cover of the table, when Edouard burst into the room. The man stopped in astonishment at sight of his master.

"What do you mean by coming into the room without knocking?" demanded Gerald, angrily.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I did not know you were at home. I thought you had gone away. I heard some news from the hall-boy as I came in, sir, which quite upset me. It seems the Count de Alva, on the floor below, sir, returned unexpectedly this evening, and found that his apartment had been entered, and a number of things of great value taken."

"Well, what then?"

"I was afraid that something might have happened in your rooms, sir, as I understood you to say you were going to Albany to-night, and had given me the evening, sir."

"I did intend to go. I changed my mind."

"Then you have been at home all evening, and everything is all right, sir?" said the man, inquiringly.

"Everything is all right so far as I know," said Gerald, calmly. Nevertheless a strange suspicion was forming in his brain which chilled his heart.

"You might take a look around, Edouard," he said, carelessly.

The man bowed and stepped quickly into the next room. Presently Gerald heard an exclamation from behind the portières, and Edouard's pale face appeared between the curtains.

"I do not see your watch with the diamond monogram in its case, sir. Have you got it on?"

"Go back to my dresser, Edouard, and make a thorough search. Let me know just what you miss, and don't come in here until I call you."

"Yes, sir;" and the head was withdrawn.

Gerald opened the satchel, and putting in his hand, drew out his watch.

"Your emerald scarf-pin is gone, sir; so is the one with the ruby set in diamonds!"

The scarf-pins dropped on the table beside the watch.

"Well, what next?"

"I can't find your diamond shirt studs!"

"All right; go on."

"Two watch chains, two pairs of sleeve-buttons, your seal ring, and an opal ring."

"Well?"

"That is all you had, sir; they are all gone!"

"Come in now."

Edouard's face shone with delight when he appeared from behind the curtains, and saw all the missing articles on the table.

"Why—why, sir," he stammered.

"It is all right, Edouard. It seems my precautionary measure came at a good time. I got these things together to-night to take them to my vault in the safe deposit company in the morning. I have thought for some time it was not safe to keep them here."

"Oh, sir, I am so glad; but, sir—"

"Put them away now. I am going down to call on the Count de Alva."

Two detectives were leaving the Spaniard's room when Gerald knocked at his door.

"Mr. Lovering, you have heard of my great loss, I suppose," said the count. "It is very good of you to call. Be seated, sir. It was a terribly careless thing of me to leave the diamond cross presented me by Alphonso XIII. exposed in my room. A gold chain which was worn by my great ancestor, the Duc de Alva, on his entry into Brussels, has been taken also. The rest was trash; the thieves might keep it all, and I would pay a reward of a thousand pounds for the return of these two precious gems."

Gerald Lovering was still deeply under the spell of the romance of his adventure. In his whirling brain the fair sweet woman and the vulgar malefactor were separate entities. In idealizing the one he would ignore, as far as possible, the other. His hand trembled a little as he opened the bag and drew forth a heavy gold chain.

"Is this your property, count?" he asked, simply.

Count de Alva stood motionless; surprise and joy seemed to have deprived him of the power of speech. But when Gerald produced the gleaming cross, he seized it and pressed it passionately to his lips.

"And these other things, count, which you are pleased to call trash," continued Gerald, "are they yours?"

"Mine—they are all mine!" he burst out. "Mr. Lovering, how can I thank you? I have no words; but, sir—"

The count closed his lips on the question, but was unable to conceal the curiosity flaming in his eyes.

Gerald said, speaking deliberately, and striving to avoid an appearance of forced calm: "Returning unexpectedly to my apartment this evening, I found concealed behind the curtains of an alcove a—a person in whose possession was this satchel. In it I discovered some property of my own, besides these jewels of yours. The culprit is young. I believe—I hope a novice in crime, and could tell a pitiful story of enforced misdoing. I promised on the restoration of the stolen articles not to prosecute the case, and I ask as a favor, count, your sanction of that promise."

"Your magnanimity is princely, Mr. Lovering," replied the Spaniard, with a bow. "I give you my word of honor I shall do nothing except to recall the action I have already taken in the matter."

"There is nothing missing?" asked Gerald, as the count turned over the jewels on the table.

"No. I find here all that belongs to me, and more," he said, smiling as he held up a Venetian chain, in which was entangled a pair of ladies' gloves. They seemed to have been hastily taken off and thrust into the bag. Gerald flushed slightly at the gleam of humor in the count's courteous smile. "That reminds me," continued the Spaniard, "that the detectives thought they had discovered a clew from the man who runs the elevator. He noticed a woman leaving the house to-night about whom there was something singular. She was also remarked by a gentleman in the house, the man said. It would be wise to notify the officers at once that my property has been restored to me, otherwise this lady may suffer some annoyance. Am I not right, Mr. Lovering?" The count swiftly pencilled a message, and struck the bell.

"Count de Alva," said Gerald, with a slight effort as he rose to go, "with your permission I shall destroy these gloves. They can only serve to compromise a person whom we have both pardoned."

The count took the extended hand in both of his and pressed it warmly.

When Gerald reached his rooms his valet was awaiting his orders. "You may go, Edouard," he said. "I shall not want you to-night."

Shortly after the man had withdrawn, Gerald drew from its hiding-place the little jet bonnet, folded the strings carefully, placed the gloves within the crown, and wound the veil around the bonnet. Then he laid it gently on the coals.

When the blaze had died away and left but a few bits of twisted wire, he looked at Maynard Caldwell's wedding-cards. "I think these had better go too," he said; and in another moment the inscription, "Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Lovering" writhed in a tongue of flame, then lay a strip of trembling black tissue.

THE GREAT FIND AT THEBES.

The most important find for Egyptologists of late years, since the discovery of the royal mummies at Dahr El Bahree, Thebes, in 1881, was made in the same vicinity on the 4th of February. This vicinity has always been believed to be rich in treasures, and the Arabs who live there have from time to time offered for sale objects of interest. It was the great good fortune of Herr Emil Brugsch, under Professor Maspero of the Boulack Museum at Cairo (now moved to the Gezeh Palace, and called the Gezeh Museum), to wring from the Arabs the secret hiding-place of the royal mummies. M. Gréboux, the present director, has had a like piece of good fortune. Last year, one Mohammed Abd-Er Rasoul, one of the brothers who confessed to the Dahr El Bahree find of Pharaoh mummies, proposed to sell the secret of buried treasures to some travellers up the Nile. As his offer was not taken, he decided this year to make terms with the government, and while M. Gréboux was on a visit to Luxor, the Arab, for a liberal backsheesh, pointed out to him the place where he would probably be successful in digging.

All this region back of the Ramesseum is a necropolis, but among the débris and loose rock digging seems to be as promising in one place as in another. This place of deposit is at the foot of the hill, three hundred yards due east of the temple of Dahr El Bahree, underneath which is the tomb of Hatasoo. The sharp eyes of the Arabs discovered on the surface some mounds of stony earth, which must have been deposited there, though to the ordinary observation they were like the original desert. Reasoning that this soil must have come from some excavation, they began digging in the neighborhood for a well or shaft, and at length found a shaft, the secret of which they sold to M. Gréboux. The excavation of this shaft or well began February 4th, and was finished on the 11th. It was carried down forty feet, when a gallery was reached, running north and south, about two feet wide and six feet high, and the first ninety metres were filled with mummy cases two or three deep, together with boxes containing valuables. Another gallery at a higher level in the shaft was found empty.

The mummy of the High-Priest of Amen was discovered on Friday, February 6th, with those of a treasurer and a commander of the auxiliary forces. Some of the sarcophagi had had gold faces, but these had been carried off, probably before the mummies had been deposited in this *cachette;* for this, of course, was not the original tomb. The list of treasures comprises: 163 mummies, some weighing, with their cases, a quarter of a ton; 77 figures of Osiris in wood, and 75 of them with papyri; 100 cases of ushabti, supposed to contain 10,000 specimens (these ushabti are called by the French *respondents*, and are small images of mummies, usually blue, and supposed to represent the persons who may be useful as attendants and slaves to the departed in the underworld); 16 canopic jars; 11 large palm baskets; 2 processional fans of palm leaves; 2 wooden statues of Isis as Nephis, three or four feet high; several boxes of jewels and treasures; about 200 papyrus rolls, one of which is one metre high, and supposed to be longer than the great Harris papyrus in the British Museum, the largest heretofore known; sandals; mummified meats; plates, dishes, etc.; fruits—dates and doom-palm nuts.

These mummies are those of priests from the eighteenth to the twenty-first dynasty, and this is probably their second removal from their original tomb, for Persians, Greeks, Romans, and Arabs alike despoiled the sepulchres of the dead for their rich treasure; and the priests who served in the temples during these invasions were accustomed to find some such unsuspected hiding-place for the bodies of their predecessors—some spot where, as their mysterious religion taught, the soul, which had been but a shade, an *eilolon*, might at least be reunited with the body, which is needed for the remainder of the journey, and the appearance of the dead in the judgment-hall of Osiris.

The excavating was a strange spectacle. There was the stretch of desert leading up to the terraced temple of Dahr El Bahree; the pillars of the Ramesseum in the distance; the blue and cloudless sky overhead, under which the white sand shone and burned; the hole in the ground, whence the brown half-naked bodies of the workmen were ascending and descending as the mummies were one by one brought up from the tomb; the group of eager savants examining, marking, and cataloguing each grewsome burden as it was laid at their feet; the row of excited spectators seated, like so many birds of prey, on the pile of débris—ragged, picturesque in their fluttering rags—and breaking the air with their shrill cries. As each body was identified, it was wrapped in sail-cloth and matting, and carried on the shoulders of Arab bearers over the plain of Thebes to the river, then rowed across the Nile to Luxor, and placed in the government steamer, bound for Cairo and the museum.

Did the shade follow with anxious eyes the steps of the bearers as they bore their frail burden over desert and river? And is it now at rest, contemplating its present abode in the stone palace of the banished king of Egypt? It has endured to see Karnak in ruins, and the Colossus of the great Rameses prostrate. Has it faith that these frailer walls of the Gezeh Palace will hold the precious body till the day of reckoning?

The original tombs of these priests honeycomb the hills all the way from Dahr El Bahree to Medenet Haboo, the great palace and temple of Rameses III., and one recently discovered and not yet named was evidently occupied by a priest of high rank and considerable wealth. The débris has not yet been removed, and is piled about the shaft, and the passage is difficult of descent, being cut in the rock a distance of about thirty feet, ending in a low chamber, so low that it is necessary to stoop to enter it, and, of course, to light a candle to penetrate the darkness. There, upon the limestone rocks, are painted frescoes as brilliant as the day when the artist laid on his color. There is the full-length figure of the priest repeated on all four walls, the skin a brick-dust red, the hair a lustrous black, the robe white, the body decorated with jewels, and the head with the priest's head-dress; his wife, in gorgeous garments all silver and blue and gold, is at his side, and they are walking toward his tutelary deity, who is sitting in magisterial state before them. There are all sorts of pictures on the wall surface representing fruits and flowers and musical instruments, fields of grain, loaves of bread, the winding river, and the everlasting lotus blossom, of which king and priest never tired. The ceiling in this low hall is panelled, and each panel is a different design—one showing masses of purple grapes with green leaves; another, a blue firmament sprinkled with gold stars; another, the conventional hieroglyphic sign of life marked in brilliant hues; and the last that plaited ceiling of contrasting colors which, by some strange concurrence of ideas, the Pueblo Indians have repeated in their native church at Laguna, New Mexico. This hall, it will be understood, with all this splendid decoration, is too low for a child to stand upright, and therefore could not have been used as the reception-room for the relatives of the dead when they came to mourn, as is the antechamber of many other tombs. It is merely a passage into another larger, higher hall with four carved pillars, and similar decoration repeated on all the wall surface—the priest, his wife, and the god for the figures; flowers, fruits, grain, etc., for the adornment—all painted in the impenetrable darkness with little religious signification, as unlike the penitential progress of the soul of the dead kings, as told in these awful sepulchres of the dead Pharaohs, as if a different revelation was given to priest and sovereign.

Interesting as this discovery is in important mummies and in objects revealing the life of the ancient Egyptians, probably the most important of the treasures are the papyri. It is possible that the seventy-six small rolls of papyri found with the images of Osiris are only repetitions of chapters of the book of the dead, which may add little to our knowledge of the ceremonial religion, but the large papyrus found is likely to prove of great value. The museum authorities have not yet had an opportunity to make an examination of these treasures; indeed, few of the boxes have yet been opened, and consequently there is a fever of expectation among Egyptologists as to what may be revealed. When these priests were removed from their original tombs, and deposited in this hiding-place for the sake of security, all their baggage for the next world seems to have been taken with them, and piled in with the bodies in disorder. As has been intimated, it is probable that this is not the first time the bodies have been moved since their first burial, and if it were not for the importance that they attached to the safe-keeping of their remains, and the impedimenta which they had provided for their journey in the underworld, there would be something almost absurd in the idea of these priests being changed about through all these thousands of years with their baggage, like passengers shifted from one station to another in an underground railway.

It is expected that the mummy-cases will contain important papyri, and it is thought that these priests may prove to be the high-priests in succession. It may be, therefore, that we shall have here undoubted succession of persons during a very long period, from the eighteenth to the twenty-first dynasties. It may be, even, that we have here a historical sequence of something like two thousand years.

I. C. C.

THE EMPTY SADDLE.

When Terry's column arrived at the scene of the Custer massacre, a riderless horse came galloping to meet them. This they recognized as Comanche, the horse ridden by Major Keogh, and the only surviving living thing of that dreadful encounter. He is now the property of the Seventh Cavalry, and is ending his days in glory, under the affectionate care of that regiment. On all occasions of ceremony the old veteran is paraded between two troopers—fully caparisoned, but riderless—with the rest of the command. The illustration shows him on one of these official appearances with his military attendants.

THE LATE JUDGE JOHN R. BRADY.

Death has taken heavy toll during the last few weeks from among the ranks of the great ones of this land. Secretary Windom, General Sherman, and Admiral Porter in terribly quick succession have been followed to their last resting-places by the well-earned esteem of the people in whose cause they spent their energies and talents, and New-Yorkers have now to deplore the decease of Judge Brady, which took place early on Monday morning, March 16th, at his residence in the Hanover, No. 2 East Fifteenth Street, New York.

Judge Brady was a picturesque figure in New York, in its judicial, political, and social life. With an unshakable determination to see full justice rendered upon the guilty he combined an invariable tendency to secure every advantage for the accused that was compatible with the true and honest fulfilment of his obligations to the State; and when it became his unpleasant task to deliver sentence on the duly convicted, he seldom did so without previously submitting the amount of severity necessitated in his opinion by the facts of the case to the urgency of the leader of the prosecution and the deprecation of the defence. In civil matters he inclined always rather to what was obviously just than to what some legal flaw or quibble might dictate; and though he fully respected the decisions of accepted legislators, his inborn honesty and common-sense was apt to brush away the cobwebs of technicality that sometimes obscure the right.

John R. Brady, though a native of this country, having been born at No. 7 Warren Street, New York city, in 1821, was a member of that race which has given rise to so many celebrated lawyers in England and the States, for both his father and mother were children of Ireland, from whence they came to America in 1812. His father was himself a lawyer of considerable reputation, and the success of his brother, James T. Brady, which was unfortunately brought to a premature close in 1869, will be remembered by many. Judge Brady began his own career at the bar in partnership with this brother and Mr. Maurice, and he would, in the opinion of many excellent authorities, have earned for himself a position of the highest rank in that branch of the profession had he continued to devote himself to it. In 1855, however, he was elected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, by a majority of more than 8000 over Cambridge Livingston and Alexander Spaulding, and at the expiration of his term he was again elected, unopposed, but by an enormous vote. In 1869 he was promoted to the Supreme Court, and in 1872 was created a General Term Judge of the First Department of the Supreme Court, an office from which he would have retired with well-won laurels had he lived until next December, when his last term of fourteen years would have terminated simultaneously with his attainment of the statute limit of seventy years.

Judge Brady's interest in local politics was very great, and he had friends among the big political leaders of more or less prominence. William M. Tweed he knew intimately, and Chester A. Arthur came to him on the death of President Garfield and took at his hands the oath of office as President of the United States. Judge Brady was a brilliant and frequent guest at the large banquets in the city, and conspicuous among the Irish and Irish-American element. He was a founder of the Manhattan Club, a member of the Tammany Society and of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. He married Miss Katherine Lydig, the daughter of the late Philip M. Lydig. One of his daughters married Charles Albert Stevens, and the other, Sidney Harris. Some of Judge Brady's closest friends were Recorder Frederick Smyth, Chief Justice of the Superior Court, John Sedgewick, General Daniel E. Sickles, John Russell Young, and Frederick R. Coudert.

Judge Brady died in the full enjoyment of all his faculties, and apparently of excellent health. He was suddenly stricken down on Sunday evening. While dressing for supper he exclaimed: "Oh, I feel dizzy! I can't see!" And after that never spoke intelligibly nor recovered consciousness until the end came. Though such a hasty summons could not but prove a dreadful shock to his family, and to the very large circle of friends that his kindly nature, bright wit, and high spirits had gathered around him, it is difficult to conceive of a happier ending to a well-spent and happy life. Without the lingering warning that gives to death half its terrors, without the prolonged sufferings, physical and mental, that accompany a tedious illness, he was swept in an instant from the still full stream of a prosperous old age into that mysterious sea of unconsciousness beyond the black waters of which lie the unknown shores of the kingdom of the dead.

A FOX DRIVE IN TENNESSEE.

There are some people that call a thing of this sort sport; but then there are those also who call hounding a deer into the water, and knocking it over the head with a club from a row-boat, sport. There is, indeed, no accounting for some tastes, and there is no curbing of the brutal instinct in certain elements of society by other means than meeting it with like measures. The idea of the fox drive is by no means new or original with the Southerners. Time out of mind some such expedient has been resorted to in ridding a country of pests. The Indians probably gave the idea to the pioneers of the West, who, when the wolves or coyotes became particularly annoying, were accustomed to organizing drives, and exterminating all those drawn into the deadly circle.

Fox drives are not of frequent occurrence even in the South, but every two or three years, when the blood of the inhabitants of the outlying little towns has become unendurably stagnant, it is suggested, as being the wildest dissipation the country affords. Next to a raid upon "moonshiners," nothing creates so great an excitement in the country as the fox drive. It is thoroughly democratic, and proportionately popular, and presents about the only field where the white and black meet on equal footing. The successful starting of a drive requires some little generalship, and the manager or captain is an awe-inspiring individual to mortals of less degree, and certain to be thoroughly aware of the importance of his office. If the honor rests upon him lightly, he is very likely to appoint numerous lieutenants from the young bucks of the vicinity, who in turn set up petty courts instanter, and ride about the country creating consternation among the less favored beaus. The affair really becomes quite the event of the season, and I dare say the chase of many a lover has ended with a double victory to his credit—Cupid and the equally elusive fox.

The area covered by these drives of course differs; sometimes but two or three miles, and again as much as ten miles are included in the grand circle. The procedure, however, is always the same. The section chosen, particularly if of large extent, is generally, if possible, one that has settlements scattered pretty well along its borders. The captain and his lieutenants perform their duties faithfully, and all those within the favored county are kept well instructed. Of course, before the day of the drive it is necessary to arrange upon some given field or gully toward which those in the drive keep continually moving. The location of this particular spot is one of the trying moments of the captain's official existence. It appears that the scene at the end of the drive, where the killing is done, becomes the rendezvous for all those within driving distance. It is, indeed, the fashionable end of the event, and those not attending are utterly lost in social caste, and their names dropped from the spelling-bees and corn-husking list of eligibles. It is natural, therefore, that no small competition is created among the landowners to secure the "death" on their property, and the captain's life in consequence is made a burden to him. An open field is generally chosen, with a slight depression in the centre, so as to form a natural amphitheatre.

On the arranged day and hour all those in the great circle begin moving toward the prearranged centre. Sometimes there are as many as fifteen hundred engaged—men, women, and even children. The pace is an ordinary one, and all make as much noise as their lungs will permit. Sometimes when the circle is very wide, and the people as far apart as a quarter of a mile, a fox escapes; but generally he is driven ahead by the increasing hubbub at the rear of him. The circle gets smaller and smaller and smaller, until finally it becomes a ring without opening. The foxes, that have probably made several attempts at escape, have at last become so terrified at the strange scene as to render them utterly powerless to run away, and some of them become so paralyzed with fright that they stretch out on the ground panting. Now comes the crowning act of the affair in point of provincial skill. There is no shooting done; not a gun has been fired, unless possibly at some bold fox that has made a break for liberty and gotten through the line. Several of the most expert and bravest of the drivers step out of the circle and advance toward the cowered foxes in the centre, their only weapon being a long club with a knob on the end, like a shinny stick. They walk directly up to the wretched creatures, which are patiently awaiting their death, so we are told, and with a skilful blow under the ear stretch them lifeless one after another. Sometimes but three or four are entrapped; again a dozen or more. It may be an excellent method of delivering a country from vermin, but I protest against its being called sport.

Caspar W. Whitney.

PLON-PLON.

There died in Rome the other day the man who, since the death of Louis Napoleon, the Prince Imperial, in an African jungle, has been regarded as the head of the family founded by the great Napoleon. This man was not really entitled by seniority to the distinguished place which was accorded to him. In reality the place belonged to an American citizen, the grandson of Prince Jerome Bonaparte and his Baltimore wife, Miss Pattison. Prince Jerome, one time King of Westphalia, was in America when a young man, and married an American lady. There were children of the marriage, and at this time there lives in Washington an amiable and accomplished gentleman who really is the head of the house of Bonaparte. He, however, is content to be a plain American citizen, and does not bother himself to contest the claims of others to the empty honor of heading the pretences of a dethroned dynasty. When Prince Jerome deserted his American wife at the command of his elder brother, who then seemed to hold all of the affairs of Europe in the hollow of his hand, he married Princess Frederica Catherine, of Wurtemburg, and was made King of Westphalia. The son of this marriage, Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul Bonaparte, the man who has just died, was born in Trieste in 1822. During the time of the third Napoleon he was known as Prince Jerome, but since the fall of the Empire and the death of Louis Napoleon's son he has been known as Prince Napoleon.

He was a man of marked ability, but so devoid of consistent principle, that notwithstanding his theatrical appearances at various times of public turmoil, he never succeeded in holding the respect and admiration of the section of Frenchmen who believed in the rule of the Bonapartes. He changed his political creed as readily as he changed his clothes, and no one ever knew exactly what dependence could be placed upon him. In personal appearance he very much resembled the first Napoleon, but he was fat, and Béranger described him as a genuine Napoleon medal dipped in German grease.

He visited France for the first time in 1845, and afterward lived there with his father. In 1848 he first came prominently before the French people as an advocate and instigator of the revolution which dethroned Louis Philippe. This being accomplished, he was elected a Deputy from Corsica to the Constituent Assembly. Next year he was elected from the Department of the Sarthe to the Legislative Assembly. From Louis Napoleon he accepted the position of Minister to Madrid. He had hardly reached his post before he quit it to take part in some legislation pending in the body of which he was a member. For leaving his post without permission he was dismissed. He now became the leader of the extreme Republican party, and was bitter in his opposition to the clericals. At this time began a quarrel between him and Louis Napoleon's wife. It never ended. When Louis Napoleon established himself as Emperor, Prince Jerome took a seat in the Senate and Council of State as an Imperial Prince, with the right of succession in case the Emperor should not have a son.

In the Crimean war he had a command, but he did not come up in time at either Inkerman or Alma. At his request he was relieved. His enemies accused him of cowardice, and he was given the nickname of "Plon-Plon," which stuck to him through life. Kinglake acquits him of the charge of personal cowardice. But, at any rate, he was not fond of fighting, for in 1861 the Duc d'Aumal challenged him to a duel, but Plon-Plon declined the invitation.

In 1859 he married Princess Clothilde, a daughter of King Victor Emanuel. He was not an exemplary husband, and he and his wife lived separately for many years before his death. There were three children—Prince Victor, Prince Louis, and Princess Letitia, she who a few years ago married her mother's own brother, the late ex-King Amadeus. By the will of the Prince Imperial, Prince Victor was named as the head of the family, and at one time the father acquiesced in this, but for several years he has asserted his right to the succession, and every now and again has printed manifestoes as the Bonaparte policy.

His best service probably was as President of the Exposition in 1857. He showed great executive ability. He visited this country during the civil war. He met Mr. Lincoln in Washington, and then, with the French Minister, went through the lines to the Confederate capital. In 1865, at the unveiling of a statue of Napoleon I. at Ajaccio, he made a sensational speech, and professed the most radical republican ideas. He was rebuked by his cousin the Emperor, and threw up all his public employments, including the Presidency of the Exposition of 1867. After the establishment of the present republic in France, Prince Napoleon accepted it apparently without reserve, but his numerous manifestoes made the world suspect that he was quietly waiting an opportunity to re-establish the empire. In 1886 the resolution of the Chamber of Deputies banishing the heads of families which have reigned compelled him to seek an asylum elsewhere. He never returned to France, but it has been suggested that his visit to Rome was of a semi-diplomatic nature, and in the interest of France. Princess Clothilde was with him when he died, and at the last he accepted the ministrations of the Church.

SUNSET IN THE FOG.

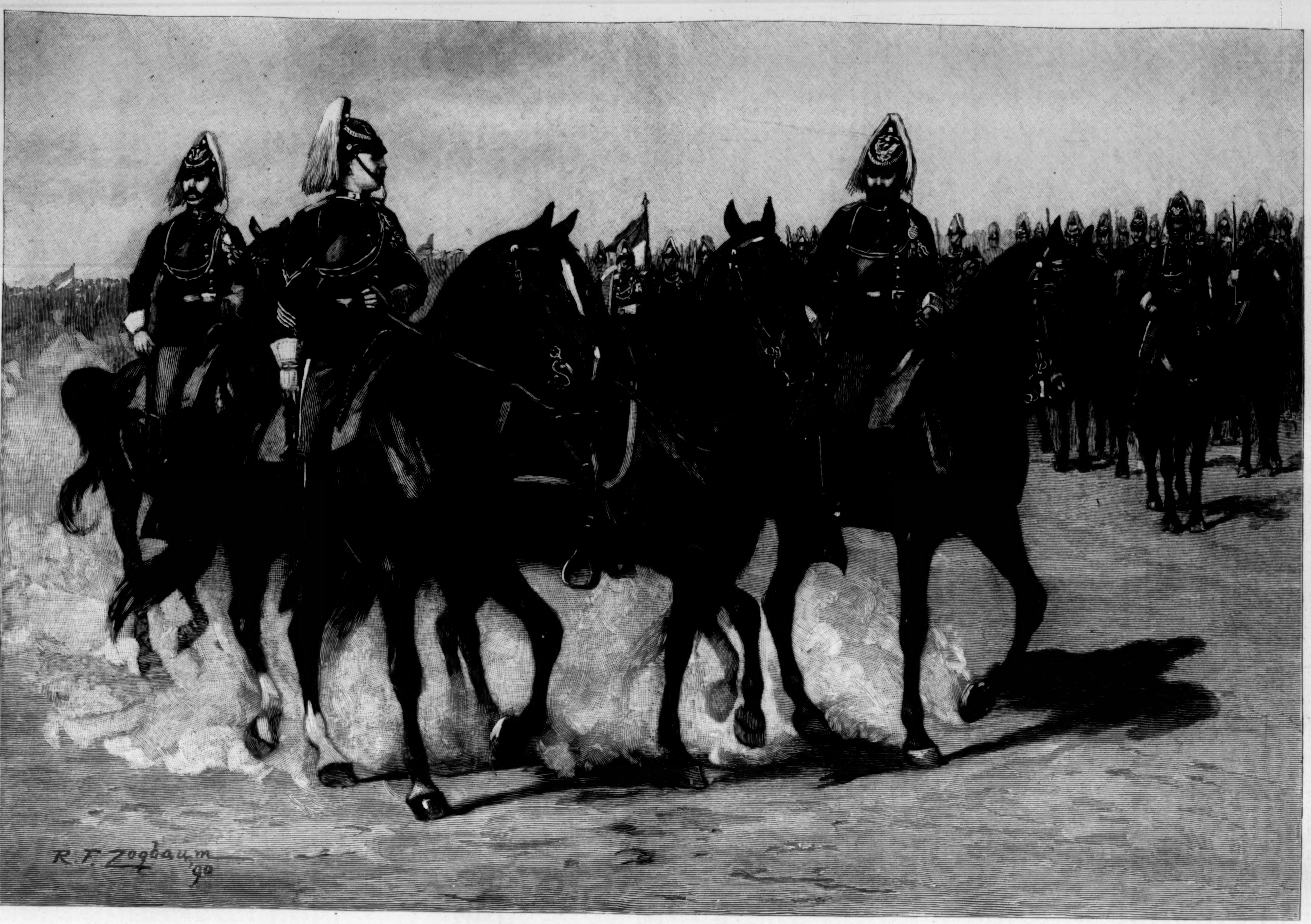
The cold gray fog of the winter day
Held sea and land in thrall;
Silent the vessels at anchor lay;
A spell was over all.
The narrow lines of each vessel bound
The limit of their sphere;
Beyond was naught but a world of sound—
A world of doubt and fear.

From the yards the sails bedraggled hung,
Bordered by drops of dew;
Feathery mists, from the halyards flung,
Like ghostly pennons flew;
While the mast-head pierced the misty gray,
And vanished at the spars,
The ratlines seen but a step away
Were narrow prison bars.

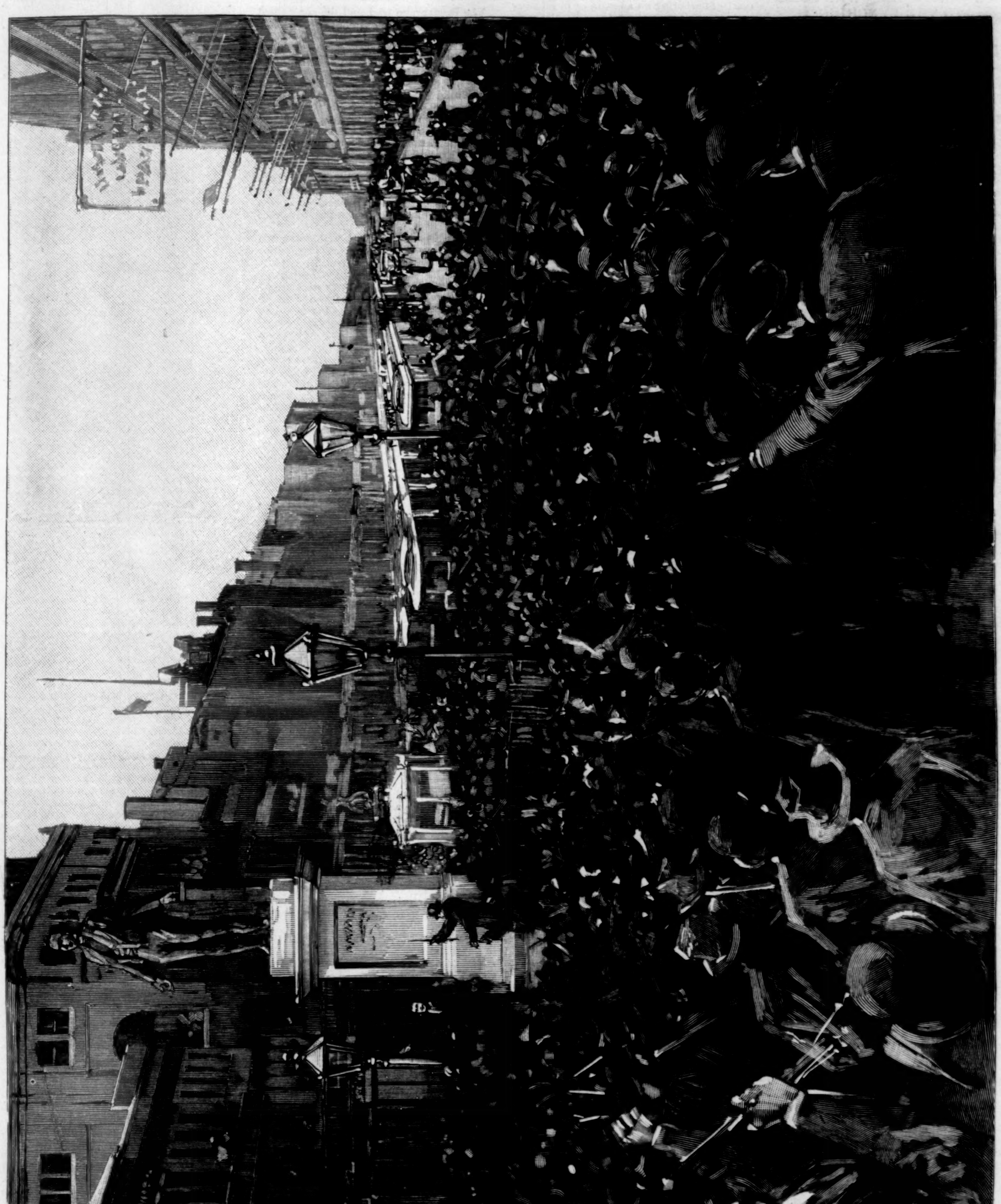
But sudden a golden glamour stole,
As through a tiny seam;
It spread till the glory lit the whole,
And lightened beam to beam.
No shadow fell from the ray of light;
The wind and sea were still;
'Twas then that the red sun sank from sight
Behind the distant hill.

We saw it not as the golden ray
Gave place to tints of rose;
And the mists, no longer cold and gray,
About us seemed to close.
They closer grew as the rose-light died,
The mists took on their frown,
And the gloom that came from either side
Told that the sun was down.

Flavel Scott Mines.


R. F. Zogbaum '90

THE EMPTY SADDLE.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 223.]



THE CITIZENS' MASS-MEETING AT THE CLAY STATUE, NEW ORLEANS.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup after Instantaneous Photographs.—[See Page 226.]

THE MAFIA, AND WHAT LED TO THE LYNCHING.

THE MAFIA.

It will never be known whether among the victims of Lynch-law in New Orleans any or all of these unfortunate men were or were not members of the Mafia (sometimes spelled Maffia). The Mafia would not be a secret association were its membership disclosed. Ever since Italy was made one country the government has acted vigorously against the Camorra on the main-land, and its affiliating association, the Mafia, on the island of Sicily. If it has, very much to its credit, in a measure crushed them out, it has failed to individualize the Mafia. We are not then bound to take without some reservation such absolute statements, coming from Italians, that there is no such thing as a Mafia society transplanted in America. Without being alarmists, it is not certain that Molly-Maguireism ever has been totally extirpated in Pennsylvania. If, then, Mafiaism has not been extinguished in Sicily—and there is no proof that it has been—it would be silly for us to believe that among those swarms of Sicilians who have come to the United States there never was one of the Mafia.

Looking at the methods of the Sicilians in New Orleans, and the comparatively trifling one first cited, the methods in the United States and Italy are the same. Twelve years ago, in contests with the state at home, these secret Italian societies were well able to hold their own, for in the law courts where the issue was decided the odds were all in their favor. The *Opinione* (1879) printed this much, "If a member commits a crime, his associates defend him by manufactured evidence, intrigue, and intimidation." Take the recent New Orleans trial, and note the influence brought to bear on witnesses and jury, so that conviction was rendered impossible. In the *Fortnightly Review* of 1887, where the action of these secret societies in The Two Sicilies is fully described, this is the pertinent conclusion: "The societies retain the sanction of the death penalty; the state has abandoned it."

If the Esposito extradition trial, which took place in New York city, is studied, it will be found that the parallelisms between it and the Mafia methods were close. A cloud of witnesses—among them, it should be borne in mind, was one named Provenzano—all swore that Esposito, with many aliases, was an honest fruit merchant of New Orleans, who had been living in Louisiana years prior to any charge made in Italy against him. Even a woman with her baby was presented. The woman swore she was the man's wife, and the baby was her dear husband's, Vincenzo Ribelli's child. What the Italian government wanted the man for was for trial on the charge of two premeditated murders, countless cases of robbery, and for extortions by violence, with consequent death of victims.

What this wretch had done which excited English wrath was the cutting off of the ears and nose of Curate John Forrester Rose, in order to obtain a ransom of £5000. The wholesale indiscriminate perjury of the lowest class of Italians of New Orleans was manifest. This is evidence. As far as could be determined, they were all Sicilians, but whether of the Mafia or not, cannot now or ever be determined. Esposito was extradited. He was returned to Italy, tried in Palermo, and sentenced for life. With a coarser fibre, we would have hung this horrible villain off-hand. This is just one of those cases where, if by taking life the severest penalty is meted out to a man, the Mafia have it all their own way.

In the *concha d'oro*—the golden shell—which not inaptly describes the lovely entrance to Palermo, groves of lemon-trees give the land its wealth. The Mafia are still believed to exist there and levy toll when they can; at least, on good authority, such was stated to have been the case but four years ago. In the English Blue-book of 1877 there is a definition of the Mafia: "The Mafia is not precisely a secret society, but rather the development and blossom of arbitrary violence directed to criminal ends of every sort. It is the instinctive, brutal, sordid solidarity that unites against the state, the laws, and the constituted authorities all who are determined to live and thrive not by honest work, but by violence, by fraud, and by intimidation." It owes its origin in Sicily to no patriotic idea, but to sordid gain.

One curious condition of this southern Italian mind peculiar to the lower class, and shared, unfortunately, by another nationality, is that a man who is a willing witness where robbery, murder, arson, or almost anything else is concerned, is a traitor, or what is much more opprobrious, an "informer." This principle, designated as "Omerta," Signor Cosedeli thus describes: "The national character of the Sicilians in all its manifestations has become interpenetrated with the principles of a special code called that of 'Omerta,' which lays it down as the first duty of a man to do justice for himself with his own hands for any injury he may have suffered, and brands with infamy, holding up to the contempt and vengeance of the public, any one who appeals to the law courts, or assists the police in their investigations. A man perfectly honorable in other relations of life is convinced that he is doing a good deed in harboring an assassin or in refusing to give evidence against him; for the code of 'Omerta' says, 'Evidence is good so long as it does not injure your neighbor.'"

This "Omerta" is conspicuous every day in the police courts.

Tracing back the wretch Esposito, and his arrest by Chief-of-Police Hennessy in New Orleans in 1881, to the mutilation of the English curate, which may eventually have brought about David Hennessy's murder and the lynching of eleven Italians. The faction fights of the two parties, the Provenzanos and Matrangos, must be borne in mind. Their cause of quarrel and methods of revenge are, if not Sicilian, at least colored with Mafiaism. That dread maxim rings in the ear: "Si moru mi drivocu, si campu t'allampu"—If I die, they will bury me; if I escape, I'll strike you dead.

To class all Italians or all Sicilians together as wrong-doers would be the most glaring of injustices. There is not a city in the United States where Italians, from the extreme North to the uttermost South, are not respected for their high integrity. No one would be willing to represent as a sample of our many millions representatives taken in a border territory. If in 1881 the population of Italy was 28,500,000, in all Sicily in 1889 there were 3,265,000. During the last seven years we have probably received as many as 30,000 Italians; but what proportion is Sicilian, statistics are worthless as to the determination.

HOW THE CHIEF OF POLICE FIRST ANGERED THE MAFIA.

The history of the assassination of David C. Hennessy,* the Chief of Police of New Orleans, and the lynching of his supposed murderers, begins on May 6, 1890. About midnight of that date a party of seven Sicilians drove in a light fruit wagon from the levee, where they had unloaded a steam-ship, and proceeded out Esplanade Street. They were Tony Matranga, Salvador Sunzeri, Vincent Caruso, Roco Geraci, Bastian Incardona, Tony Locascio, and Frank Locascio. On Esplanade Street is a grove of trees, and Claiborne is lined by a double row of them. At their intersection the wagon was fired upon. Tony Matranga's left leg was shot off. Vincent Caruso's right leg was crippled. Salvador Sunzeri received a flesh wound in the thigh. At first the assailed party refused to say who had shot them, but later declared the ambuscaders were Joseph Provenzano, Peter Provenzano, Tony Gianforcarro, Nick Guilio, Tony Pellagrini, and Tony Lombardo. These six men were placed on trial in July, 1890. The seven men who had been in the wagon swore positively they were the men who did the shooting. Several persons, among them Joseph P. Macheca, gave testimony about threats the men had made.

The accused sought to prove alibis, but the jury believed their opponents, and found all of them guilty, without capital punishment.

Chief-of-Police Hennessy had been a close friend of the Provenzanos, and believing the evidence for the prosecution was perjured, sent to Italy, and secured the history of Sunzeri, Geraci, and others, as well as their records there. The result disclosed to him the existence of a perfectly organized secret society in America, with ramifications in New Orleans, New York, St. Louis, and San Francisco, and possibly Chicago. This was an association of the worst Italian element, banded together by men expelled from Sicily for their crimes, and bringing to this country the same system of extortion by threats, robbery, and murder. Their own countrymen best understood the thoroughness of their society, and when a large fruit dealer or merchant received a notice to go alone to a certain secluded spot with $500, $1000, or $2000, or he would be killed by the Mafia, he generally complied with the invitation. Those in the organization were held together by the most binding oaths, and for failing to carry out the work imposed by the society death would be the decree.

Hennessy, believing Charles Matranga, Joe Macheca, Geraci, the Carusos, and others were leaders in the New Orleans branch of the Mafia, collected evidence, and prepared to use it to break up the Mafia here, and to send the leaders to prison for perjury in the Provenzano case. In the mean time the lawyers for the Provenzanos had obtained a new trial for them. The case was fixed for the latter part of October.

The theory of Hennessy's friends is that he had also collected the criminal record of D. C. O'Malley, a private detective, and was about to crush him out; and that O'Malley went to Macheca, told him that Hennessy intended sending him to the penitentiary for murder and other crimes, and advised him to set the Mafia at work to assassinate the chief of police. At this point theory becomes unnecessary, and fact begins. A few days after the Provenzanos were granted a new trial, Joe Macheca went out on Girard Street, near Basin, and rented a shanty about fifty yards from Hennessy's house. Pietro Monasterio, a recent arrival from Sicily, a shrewd and crafty man, was installed in the shanty, and desultorily pursued the occupation of shoemaker.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

The Provenzano trial, and the consequent exposé of Macheca, was to have taken place about October 19th. At 11.20 P.M. of October 15th, David C. Hennessy was riddled with bullets, slugs, and shot while within a few yards of his home on Girod Street. The greater part of the shots had come from the neighborhood of the shed in front of Monasterio's shanty. The wounds were most cruel. Three large slugs of uneven shape had torn gaping wounds through the abdomen and chest; a bullet had gone through the right knee; another through the left hand; the face, arms, neck, and chest were filled with countless shot. Whole volleys had been poured into the victim. Hennessy did not die till the next morning, but at no time had he been conscious enough to tell who had shot him, except the whispered word, "Dagoes."

Monasterio was arrested within the ten minutes succeeding the ambushing, as he had slunk back into his shanty. Antonio Marchesi, his son (Asperi Marchesi), Tony Scaffedi, and numbers of others were arrested. Dozens of Italians were taken in by the police, only to be turned loose the next day for want of proof. Then the weapons were found. They were curiosities to the American element of the city. One was an ordinary double-barrelled shot-gun. Five others were shot-guns. These had the barrels abbreviated by being roughly sawed off. The stocks were provided with hinges, and turned back against the lock of the piece. This arrangement reduced the shot-gun to the length of an ordinary horse-pistol, and enabled it to be carried on the person without detection. These were believed to be the Mafia implements of death.

THE TRIAL.

The police were put on their mettle, but the evidence they unearthed was kept secret until the trial. On November 20th the indictments for (1) murder, and (2) shooting with intent to kill while lying in wait, were returned against eleven Italians, and against eight others as accessaries before the fact.

They secured as their counsel ex-District Attorney Lionel Adams, ex-Assistant District Attorney A. D. Henriques, Hon. Thomas J. Semmes, Charles A. Butler, and A. Gastinel. A hard legal fight was begun, and on December 9th the defence succeeded in having the indictments quashed, because the District Attorney had taken the court stenographer into the Grand-Jury room, and had the testimony reduced to writing. On December 13th a new Grand Jury reindicted the same men.

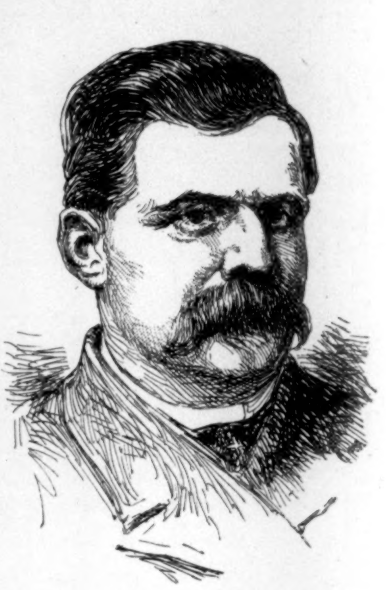
The case was fixed for trial on February 16th. The State asked for a separation of the case, placed Charles Matranga, Joseph P. Macheca, Asperi Marchesi, Antonio Scaffedi, Antonio Bagnetto, Pietro Monasterio, Bastian Incardona, Manuel Politz, Antonio Marchesi, on trial, and began the impanelling of the jury the next day. Over 1200 tales jurors were summoned for examination as to their eligibility to serve on the jury. It was eleven days later before the twelfth man was accepted and sworn.

The alleged corruption of this jury was what most bitterly incensed the populace, and led indirectly to the lynching. Nine men were on trial, and had twelve peremptory challenges each, or 108 in all; the State had 54. O'Malley, the private detective, is believed to have succeeded in having the names of a number of men he could influence placed in the jury wheel; of having worked through numerous agents upon the talesmen lists of whom were furnished the defence whenever drawn. The defence, with 108 peremptory challenges at its command, was enabled to say just who should go on the jury. So many persons had fixed opinions that the lawyers rid themselves of objectionable persons by challenges for cause; but where other resorts failed, there was an unlimited store of direct challenges to draw upon, and to show that they were used frequently, it might be added that the defence exerted 89 of its peremptory challenges.

On Saturday, February 28th, the taking of testimony began. It ended on March 10th. The prosecution proved beyond all doubt that Macheca had rented the shanty for Monasterio, that the assassins hid in his room until their victim approached, that the boy Asperi Marchesi was posted to notify them of Hennessy's approach, and that he ran in front of the chief and whistled. It proved conclusively to the public mind that Antonio Scaffedi, Antonio Marchesi, Manuel Politz, Antonio Bagnetto, and Monasterio, had done the shooting.

The people were convinced of the guilt of the men, and felt confident that the jury could not fail to do its duty. The courtroom was cleared entirely Friday afternoon when the verdict was expected. At 2.30 o'clock, when it came, only the reporters and the lawyers were present. The State had abandoned the case against Incardona, and the court had directed the jury to acquit Matranga, as the prosecution was unable to bring direct proof against them. Little interest was therefore felt in what the jury had to say about them. A jeweller named Seligman had been made foreman of the jury. He handed up the verdict. Judge Baker, a man usually the extreme of imperturbability, gazed at the paper fully a minute before he recovered from his astonishment. Then he ordered it read. The verdict found not guilty Matranga, Incardona, Marchesi (the father) Marchesi (son), Bagnetto, and Macheca. On the cases of Scaffedi, Monasterio, and Politz they had disagreed.

The verdict caused consternation everywhere. That the jury had been bribed was the first and most apparent charge. All the accused were remanded to the parish prison, as another indictment was still pending in another section of the court. This ended the trial by jury. The trial and execution by Lynch-law is another story.



JOHN C. WICKLIFFE.

THE MASSACRE AT THE PARISH PRISON.

On the 14th of March six Italians charged with and tried for the murder of David C. Hennessy, the Chief of Police of New Orleans, were acquitted, and a mistrial was entered in the case of three others. As all of these men were held on a second charge, they were taken to the parish prison and locked up in different cells. Those other Italian prisoners who were still to be tried and these just acquitted congratulated each other, and rejoiced together over the result of the trial, which had been prolonged now for over two months. It seemed to them a very happy ending to sixty days of awful doubt and purgatory.

At this same time a vigilance committee of citizens, well known at least in New Orleans, had met in the rooms of a young bachelor club-man, where they denounced the verdict of the afternoon, and declared unanimously against it, and for immediate and fatal action on the morrow. They wrote out a call for a citizens' meeting, and sent copies of it around to the various newspaper offices, and went home to bed. This was the call:

> "MASS-MEETING!
>
> "All good citizens are invited to attend a mass-meeting on Saturday, March 14th, at ten o'clock A.M., at Clay statue, to take steps to remedy the failure of justice in the Hennessy-case. Come prepared for action.
>
> JOHN C. WICKLIFFE,
> W. S. PARKERSON,"

and forty-eight others.

It had been raining in New Orleans for the last week, but Saturday, the 14th of March, was cool and clear and sunny. Sheriff Gabriel Villere came down to the parish prison after breakfast, and read the call in the morning paper on his way down town. He noticed nothing out of the usual routine at the jail, and at 8.30 went on up town to his office in the City Hall. The parish prison occupies an entire square. It fronts on Orleans Street, and is bounded by Treme, St. Ann, and Marias streets.

A great iron gate guards the entrance on Orleans Street with bars an inch and a half thick. Back of this is a smaller iron gate. Three workmen stopped in front of this open barrier and looked curiously into the yard, and then walked backward across the street, looking up at the prison windows; then they sat down on a stoop and waited. It was half past eight o'clock when Captain Lem Davis, who was in charge after Sheriff Villere had gone, noticed them sitting there waiting. Captain Lem Davis thought the people at Clay's statue might pass resolutions expressive of their indignation with the miscarriage of justice, and that he would read about it in the afternoon papers. The three workmen were joined by six or seven other men, idlers, colored boys, and stevedores from the levees. They leaned with their backs against the wall facing the prison, and also waited, patiently basking in the early sunshine. When Captain Davis looked again the dozen men had grown to a double row that lined both sides of the streets, and who looked down the avenue now instead of across at the jail, as though they were expecting a procession or a circus parade. Captain Davis told the night watch, who were just going off duty, to wait a bit, that he thought there might be trouble. The night watch yawned sleepily, and were joined by the day watch, who had read the "call" in the morning papers, and were anxious.

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* See HARPER'S WEEKLY of November 8, 1890.

The Italian prisoners in their different cells had heard of the call too, and asked to see the sheriff, and then to see Captain Davis, and begged him to protect them against they knew not what exactly. Captain Davis grew nervous and excited, and spoke sharply to every one who questioned him. It was a great responsibility for one man. He wished very much that Sheriff Villere had waited. Then he telephoned the sheriff that there was a crowd outside of the jail, and telegraphed the chief of police, and sent out a runner to bring in those deputies who lived outside the jail. The deputies came from their homes near by on a run, and the crowd jeered at them as the iron gate snapped behind the last of them. Some boys in the crowd began to give the shrill whistle that is supposed to be the signal of the Mafia, and to yell in unison, "Who killa de chief?" as the political clubs used to shout their campaign cries on Broadway. The sound came into the very centre of the prison, and the Italians heard it, and called piteously for Captain Davis to let them out, or to lock them in, or give them weapons with which to defend themselves. Captain Davis gave what weapons he had to his deputies, and sent the jail carpenters to barricade the wooden door on Treme Street. This door led into his private room, and from that into the prison proper. The crowd outside heard the sounds of the hammers, and answered them with yells and jeers.

The prisoners were, for the most part, on the second floor of the main building of the prison. The first room opening upon the broad corridor on that floor is the dispensary. Next to it is a room for prisoners who pay extra for board somewhat better than the regular prison fare. In that room were Joseph P. Macheca, Charles Matranga, James Caruso, John Caruso, Frank Romero, Charles Patorno, Salvador Sunzeri, and Roco Geraci.

The adjoining apartment is of a similar nature. It is called the "Star Chamber." In it were Antonio and Asperi Marchesi (father and son), Antonio Bagnetto, Bastian Incardona, Pietro Monasterio, Charles Pietzo, Loretto Comitz, Pietro Natali, and Charles Traina.

Manuel Politz was in solitary confinement in one of the condemned cells on the third floor, on what is known as the "White Manchac" Gallery.

When Captain Davis heard the yells outside answering the blows of the hammers, he ordered all the prisoners to be locked up in their cells, and the Italian suspects to be released, and to be allowed to hide themselves if they could. He said later that his idea was to scatter them, and to give them a chance for their lives.

The majority of them were taken over to the women's side. Sunzeri and Pietzo ran along the line of cells until they struck a dark corner under the back stairway. Captain Davis formerly owned a bull-terrier named Queen, for which he built a dog-house out of a dry-goods box. The two men crawled into this. Natali was on the women's side. He ran across the yard to the wash-house, opened the door, and crawled under a bench in one of its corners.

John Caruso rushed down stairs with the others, ran into the white yard, where the prisoners were just being locked up, and slipped into a cell with some of the many prisoners. He was not found.

Incardona ran along the gallery on the second floor until he came to an old rubbish box, in which he hid. He was also not found.

Macheca, Scaffedi, and the elder Marchesi hurried up stairs to the condemned gallery on the third floor. Politz had just been taken down stairs. The cell had been locked behind him, and the other cells on the gallery were also locked. Macheca and the others did not know this, and were, in consequence, trapped like beasts in a cage.

The boy Marchesi wandered about the corridor just outside his late place of imprisonment, and beat at the bars of the cells and begged to be let in.

Two men who were never seen after their release, even by the keepers, were Charles Matranga and Charles Patorno. They crossed over into the women's yard with the others, and then sought a place of safety, about which they had evidently been posted in advance.

The mob outside the prison blocked the streets now from the high walls of the jail yard to the walls of the houses opposite. It was not fiercely demonstrative. There were yells and cries and the shrill Mafia whistle, but the greater, more terrible majority was silent and still waited.

Captain Davis sent his deputies out into the yard with their Winchesters under their arms, and ran to look at the barricade across the door on Treme Street. It seemed substantial enough to him. Even yet the prison might be held. And then came a sound that made Captain Davis gasp and stand still. It was the steady tramp of men marching, of cheers and answering cheers, and the hoarse impatient roar of a great mob. Captain Davis ran to the big barred gate of the Orleans entrance. As he reached it a cab, with the driver lashing his horse, stopped with a jerk, and two detectives jumped out, and shouted to him that the vigilance committee were coming "to lynch the dagoes." "Let them come," shouted Captain Davis; "they won't get in." But the vigilance committee went about getting in quite as if Captain Davis had nothing to do with it. W. S. Parkerson, the District Attorney, John C. Wickliffe, and Walter D. **Denégre** were at the head of the committee. They had just addressed the crowd that had gathered in answer to the call from the stone platform around the statue of Henry Clay, at the junction of Canal and St. Charles streets. The crowd was great enough to block the cars of the Orleans Street railway, and having blocked them, crawled to the top of them and cheered the speakers.

On the balconies of Griswold's jewelry store, so the local papers tell, were "a number of ladies, with their escorts," who waved their handkerchiefs, and who also cheered the speakers. The District Attorney said, among other things, "When the law is powerless, the rights delegated by the people are relegated back to the people, and they are justified in doing what the law has failed to do." He charged the jury with having been corrupted, and asked if the people were ready to follow him to the parish prison. The people were quite ready. They reached the prison before he did, and demanded its keys from Captain Davis. That sorely tried official refused the keys, and then the mob turned to the little wooden door on Treme Street. There was a pile of cord-wood on the street, and with blocks of these and a heavy stone in the hands of a negro, the lock gave way, and the flimsy barricade, and the hinges of the door. The mob were in possession of the parish prison. There were not more than sixty men admitted. John C. Wickliffe stood at the broken door, and examined those who tried to pass. If they were armed, and if they said they meant to use their weapons, they were passed on. The merely curious were kept outside, and sentries were placed at every other exit from the prison to shoot down any escaping prisoner.

Parkerson and Charles Ranlett, with rifles over their shoulders, led the men across the yard and up to the "Star Chamber," which they found empty. But on the way they saw young Marchesi, and spared him. He ran into an open cell, and crawled under a bed. Macheca, Scaffedi, and the elder Marchesi were hiding one behind the other in the rear of a pillar in front of the condemned cell. The mob saw them, but could not reach them, and called frantically to the deputies for the keys. Scaffedi showed himself beside the protecting pillar for an instant, and was shot through the head. Marchesi, trembling and stumbling forward, fell over the dead body. Before he could raise himself, and while he was struggling to his feet, he was riddled with buckshot. Macheca was alone now, and picking up an Indian club, beat savagely at the lock of the gate leading from the gallery. Before he could break it, some one brought the key for the gallery, and the door was thrown open and the mob crowded in. The first bullet hit Macheca on the forehead, but he continued beating at the lock of the door at the other end of the gallery. Then some one pointed the muzzle of a gun at his shoulder, and he tossed it aside. It shot his hand off. Another man pressed a rifle close to his breast and fired, and Macheca slid down, with his back against the wall, and the crowd passed on over him. Six more were found in the women's yard outside of the second cell from the door; they were huddled together on their knees, with their hands raised, begging for mercy. They were all killed. One of these—Jim Caruso—received forty-two bullets in all. This seems more than enough to kill one man, but this is what happens when "the law is relegated to the people." Two others—Manuel Politz and Antonio Bagnetto—were hanged outside of the jail. This seems to have been done to propitiate the mob, who had missed the best part of the shooting, but who were afterward admitted in detachments of ten and fifteen to see what had been so well done.

Politz was the young man who went insane early in the trial. He recovered his mind, but lost it again when he heard the cries outside the jail early in the morning. He was found, chattering to himself and quite mad, crouching under a staircase, and was dragged out, and "kicked on the way" to a lamp-post. The rope broke the first time, and on the second attempt the boy caught at it, and drew himself up hand over hand until he reached the cross-piece of the lamp-post, where he hung gasping. Then the young man who had climbed the lamp-post to adjust the rope beat him in the face with his fist until he let go his hold. He fell back to the pavement, and was raised a third time, but again dragged himself up by the rope. Then the people tied his hands, and for the fourth time pulled him up into the air. This last and successful effort, we are told, was "greeted by deafening cheers from the crowd," who immediately tore his clothing off his back to divide as souvenirs. "As it hung in the sunlight," so one of the local papers says, "it made a somewhat ghastly picture, with the exposed bare flesh turned to a deathly greenish pallor." After this the mob walked back to the statue of Henry Clay, "cheered on its return march by the ladies and children on the balconies," where it dispersed quietly. And in this way, on the 14th of March, 1891, did the prominent citizens of New Orleans show that they were "justified in doing what the law failed to do."

AT THE RESTAURANT.

BY GEORGE I. PUTNAM.

THERE were five of them, and very good friends you would have said had you been a guest at one of their assemblies. A charming feature of the pentagonal friendship was that it possessed depths and shallows as yet surmised rather than developed. This lent added interest to their meetings.

They usually met in the little parlor of the First and Second Mediums, who were married. A pretence of regard for the conventionalities led to the adoption of this rendezvous. But sometimes, with Bohemian independence, they met in the atelier of the Artist on the top floor of the block, where Mamselle was working fitfully on a representation in oils of a decanter, a pipe, and a paper of tobacco. Up here the Youth played waltzes on the guitar, to which Mamselle, the Artist, and the two Mediums danced. When Mamselle and the Artist waltzed together, the music usually came to an abrupt end; and the First Medium would nod to her husband when they reached the little parlor and say:

"It *is* so. He loves her, and he is so absurdly jealous of the artist."

"Ach mein!" the Second Medium would reply. "It is that upper E. It should be of gut, and this is wire."

"La, la, la; wait and see."

And the First Medium knew, trust her for that. But the Youth was so diffident, she thought sometimes the matter made no progress at all. This was her chief trial. She was so happy herself—she had not been married a year—that she wanted Mamselle to be happy too, and this was manifestly impossible except from experience.

So the Youth continuously worshipped, trembling, from afar, and Mamselle, on her pedestal, turned toward him a face of unconcern. Again, the Artist had an impressive way of adjusting his eye-glasses and saying "Ah!" that induced in the humbled Youth an overwhelming sense of unworthiness. Then Mamselle and the Artist would engage in long animated conversations on art, and as this was all Greek to the Youth, he perceived the futility of his suit anew, and loved her more devotedly than ever.

"Why don't you encourage him a little?" said the First Medium to Mamselle.

"Remember, I am nineteen and dignified."

"But he is so bashful."

"Evidently."

"And the poor fellow loves you?"

"Um—possibly."

"And you love him; you know you do."

"Pardon, madame; that does not follow, and I don't—know it."

There was but one subject upon which the five disagreed, and that was restaurants.

The Mediums were devoted to German cookery, and sought out little abominations in side streets, where they ate sauer-kraut and pickles. The Artist said the French were the only correct judges of what to eat and how to eat it, and Mamselle agreed with him; first, because he had studied in Paris and ought to know; and second, because the Youth abhorred innovations and innovators, and would patronize none but intensely American eating-houses.

In their forays about the city they would occasionally discover and test new restaurants of one stripe or another, and praise them judiciously. It was thus that the Youth walked exultantly into the little parlor one evening in Christmas week, and told of his latest find. The two Mediums were there.

"Got a jewel this time," said he. "Ate there this morning, again at noon, and going there now. And I say"—simulating the sudden accession of an idea—"let's all go. You'll like it, I promise you."

"Of course we'll go; won't we, dear?" said the First Medium, turning her sentence toward her husband.

"If you say so. But I have forebodings."

"Where—" began the Youth.

"Oh! they are upstairs, at work. Mein Herr, you run up and tell them what we are all to do."

The Second Medium went obediently, and the First Medium sang softly to herself as she pinned on her hat. She was sorry for the Youth, and was thinking what she could say.

"The Artist is an excellent instructor, don't you think?" she ventured.

"Oh yes, I suppose so—I judge so. But I don't know anything about pictures, so it's all lost on me."

She made a little *moue* of dissatisfaction at herself in the glass. Then she tried another tack.

"I'd like to tell you something," said she, confidentially, over her shoulder.

The Youth grasped her meaning at once. This was not their first similar conversation.

"I'd love to have you, if it's any good; but things don't seem to come my way. If I could write as well as he paints, she might look at me. But—"

His tone exhausted her patience. She stamped her little foot at him.

"Well, why don't you do something? I wish I was a man! I'd soon have an understanding with that—angel! But you mope!"

The Youth was properly touched by this vigorous scoring.

"You don't mean to say—"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," airily. "Only if you can't see what is right before your eyes, I'm sorry. Here they are now."

In came Mamselle and the Artist, with the Second Medium bringing up the rear. Hesitatingly the Youth made his invitation general.

"There's a new restaurant 'round the corner—down here a few blocks—and I thought we might all go there to-night just for fun."

"Ah? And afterward to 'La France' and get something to eat. *N'est ce pas?*" said the Artist.

But nobody paid any attention to him, for they were just starting. The Artist with Mamselle walked on ahead, and the Youth, after a moment's hesitation, followed with the two Mediums. The first of these drew a sigh, and shook her head despairingly.

Presently the leading couple stopped.

"I say," called the Artist, "this isn't the place, is it—eh?"

"That's it," returned the Youth. "It's American; push and energy all the way through. Just see how they advertise."

"We were—ah—admiring the transparency," said the Artist; and they all looked at a brilliant specimen of lettering that read:

"Please come in and Have Good cheer;
We've Merry Christmas all the Year."

"There is an intimation of turkey and cranberry sauce for you," said the Youth, expectantly.

"Well, lead on," said the Artist. "I'm a bit timid myself."

"Oh, go right along. You'll freeze to death here," said the Youth, as, with sudden resolution, he advanced to the door and actually handed Mamselle in.

This so surprised the Artist that he was obliged to readjust his eye-glass and murmur "Ah!" before he could advance a step. The First Medium came up smiling approvingly.

The Youth straightened up like a soldier. "I'm in the fight, now," said he, hoarsely. "And I am going to stay to a finish."

Directly after ordering, the First Medium produced a pad and pencil, and scribbled furiously for a moment. With a little laugh, she handed it to the Youth.

"Add your share, and pass it along," said she.

The Youth read, and smiled. "It's a round-robin, is it?"

Then he wrote, and the Artist also. Mamselle became curious, and bringing her head very near the Artist's shoulder, read a few lines.

"That's horrid! How could you be so—so foolish?" She laughed nervously, looking at the Youth. As she spoke she rolled her handkerchief in a little ball, and threw it at the Artist. He escaped uninjured, and the missile fell to the floor. It was the Youth who picked it up and pocketed it, despite of Mamselle's remonstrances.

"It's your turn, Mamselle. Please to write," said the Artist.

"I won't write! I am hungry, and here is the dinner. I shall eat."

With a playful air of authority the Artist removed her plate. The Youth at once gallantly substituted his own.

"As punishment for your refusal," said the First Medium, "you will be obliged to accept this, neatly engrossed and framed, and keep it always in your sight."

"I'm resigned. There might be a worse fate," returned Mamselle, flashing a daring glance at the Artist. "Please give me my handkerchief," she continued, addressing the Youth.

"I want it," said he.

"So do I."

"Lend you mine."

"I want my own; give it me," she demanded.

"I am going to keep it."

"You are not."

"Children, children," interrupted the First Medium, desperately alarmed, "you must not quarrel. Think what an example you set. Think that you are grown up. Think—things and things—but don't quarrel."

Mamselle retired behind an impenetrable screen of silence, and the Youth rejoiced to think they were at least lovers enough to have a disagreement, and that he had come off victor. It augured well, he thought.

When the five emerged from the American restaurant the Youth usurped the Artist's place, and walked off with Mamselle on his arm. The others, under the manipulation of the First Medium, lingered somewhat unnecessarily behind.

It was the Youth who spoke. He had to swallow very hard, and Mamselle could feel his arm tremble.

"Don't you think—we had better settle this now?"

She looked up, but immediately cast her eyes down again. There was a world of meaning in his glance.

"This?" she murmured, faintly.

"Ye—yes. Tell me—shall I give your handkerchief back—or may I keep it?"

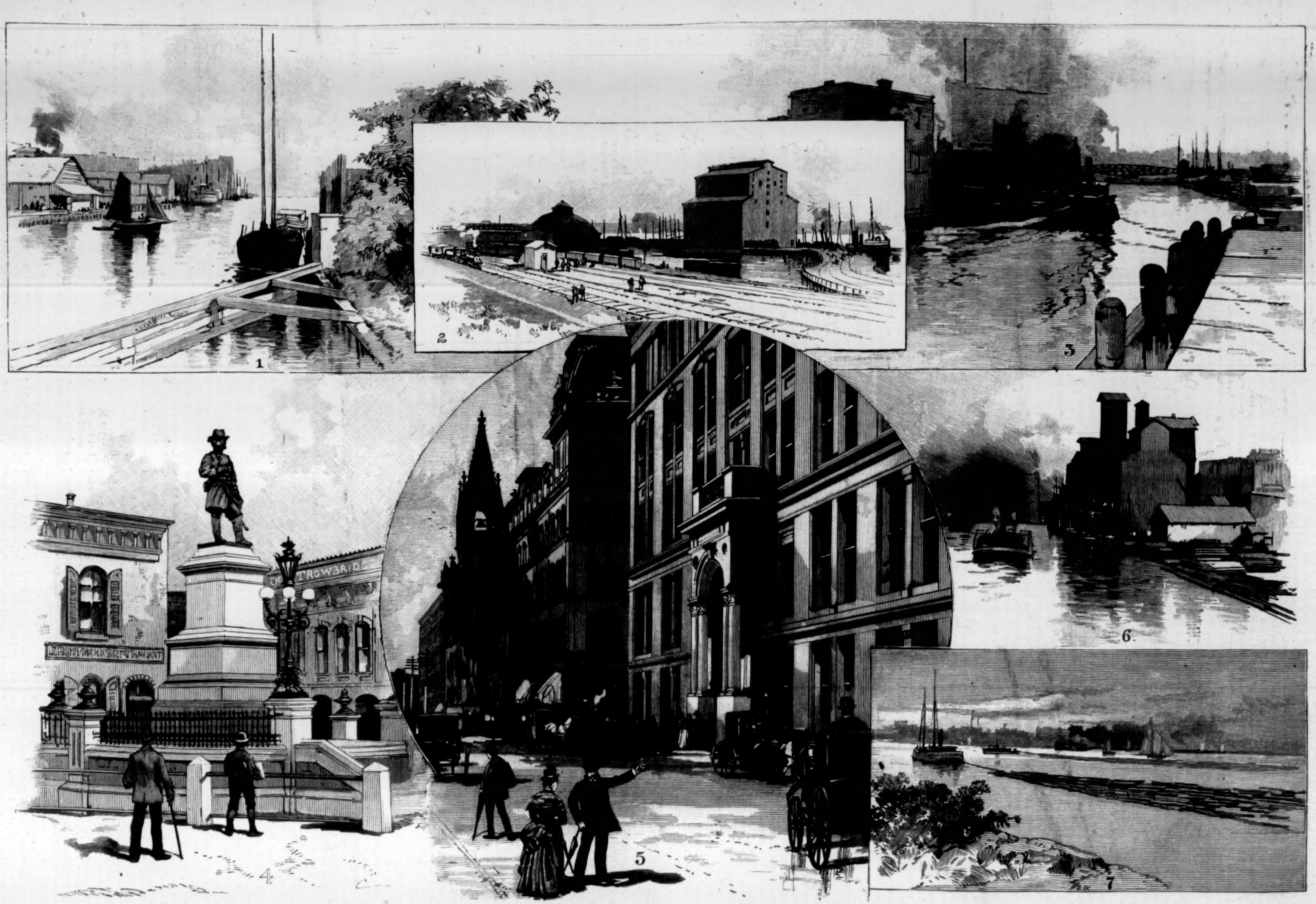
Again she looked up, with the least suspicion of a smile.

"Keep it," she said. "I don't think he really cares."

"He? Who?"

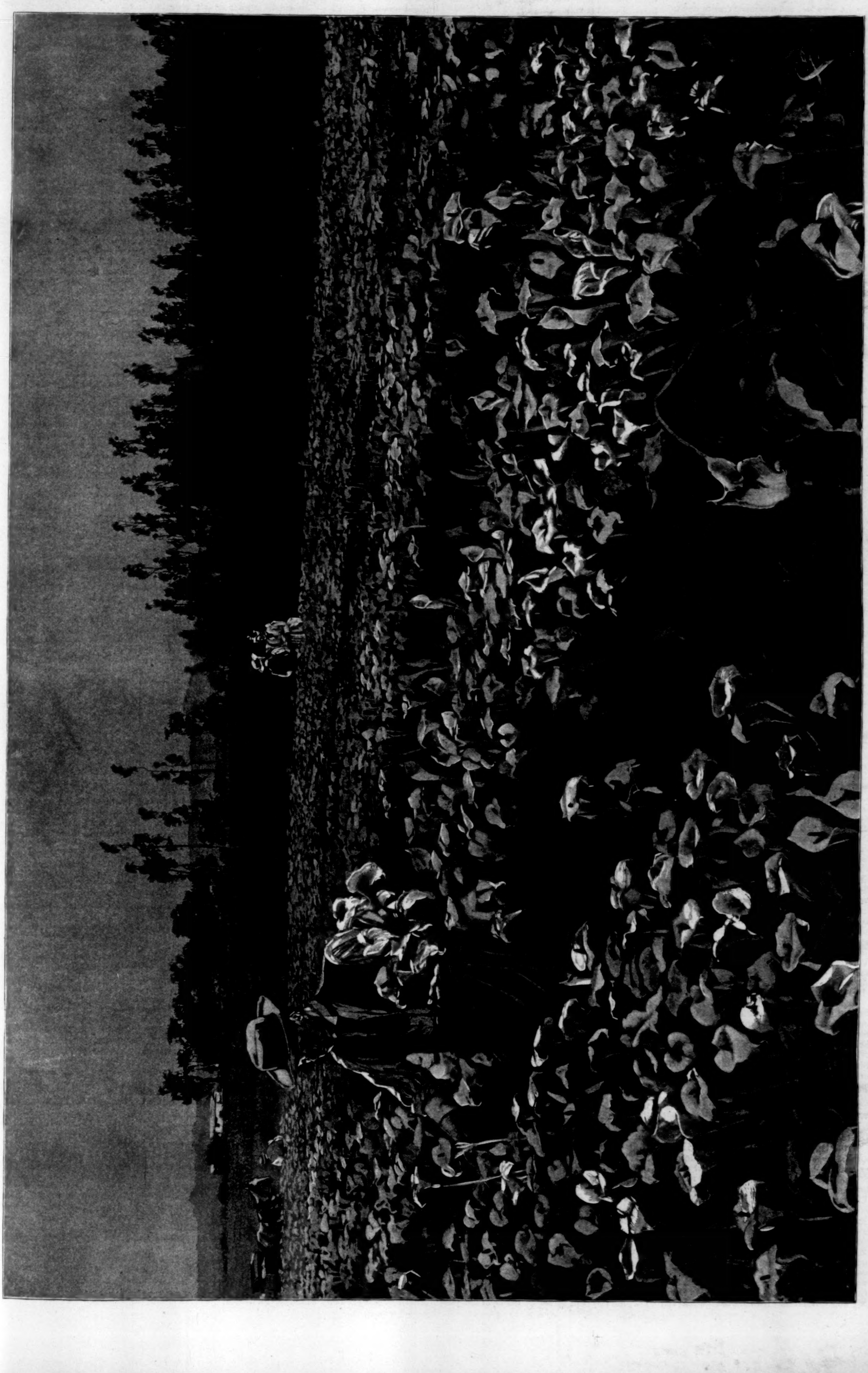
She laughed lightly.

"Why, the Artist. Didn't you know? We're to be married in June."



SKETCHES IN TOLEDO, OHIO.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 230.]

1. The River Front. 2. Wabash Elevator. 3. On the Creek. 4. Stedman Monument. 5. St. Clair Street, Produce Exchange, Boody House, and First Congregational Church. 6. View from the Bridge. 7. Towing Logs.



GATHERING EASTER LILIES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

WHICH?

Oh, which were best, and who would dare to choose
  Between the friend who holds you as his life,
  Counting all effort worthless if his strife
Win from you no fond word, content to lose
All else but you; or him you know no ruse
  Of time can part your soul from, and no knife
  Of fate dissever, though all tongues be rife
With tales of slander his fair fame to bruise?

Oh, which were best—to give or to receive?
  To love or to be loved? To take alway
  Or stand with gifts of love before the gate
Of one beloved? Ah, curious heart! believe
  All love wins love, and choice were foolish play
  In this. These two are one or soon or late!

Oscar Fay Adams.

THE CITY OF TOLEDO.

BY WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

Among the various explanations of the beginning of the city of Toledo and the reasons for its existence there is one that is hardly given the prominence that it really deserves. This is the part taken by the *Walk-in-the-Water*, the first steam-boat on Lake Erie, in establishing the permanence of Toledo's location. The history of the head of Lake Erie shows that in the year 1818 the *Walk-in-the-Water* was built to run between the city of Buffalo and the town of Orleans, which was a small place projected and owned by the builders of the boat. At that time there were three towns near the rapids in the Maumee River about fifteen miles from the lake. They were Orleans, Maumee, and Perrysburg, and each town built its hopes upon the fact that it was the head of navigation in the Maumee River. It was naturally supposed that Orleans would have an advantage in the matter of business and consequent growth, because the builders were prepared to control the lake carrying trade in their new steam-boat, which was at that particular time the latest triumph of Lake Erie civilization. It must be owned that the builders of Orleans were fully justified in believing that they had a good thing in the combination of town and steam-boat, and yet it was this same steam-boat that swept the hopes of Orleans from the face of earth. On its first trip to the Maumee the unruly and altogether ungrateful steam-boat refused to go further up the river than the site of Toledo, and as such a refusal was peremptory, unless the builders wished to put the boat on wheels, the head of navigation was reluctantly moved some miles down the river.

At this distance of time all this has its amusing side, and yet at that time it was a very serious matter, especially to the projectors and owners of the heart-broken town of Orleans. The *Walk-in-the-Water* seems to have had a great deal of unsuspected steam-boat sense, for where she established the head of navigation on the Maumee there grew a city, which in this year of 1891 has a population of about 85,000.

It must not be supposed that Toledo had an easy time in establishing her position as chief town of the region at the head of the lake; on the contrary, the rivalry between her and the other ambitious places roundabout was long and bitter, and, in fact, it may be said that not until Toledo had secured the building of the Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad to Adrian, Michigan, in 1836, and had also secured the Wabash Canal and the important Miami Canal to Cincinnati, in 1843 and 1845 respectively, that the questions of water communication and of commercial supremacy were definitely settled. It may be mentioned in passing that the Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad was the first railroad to be built west of Syracuse, and although it was only thirty-three miles in extent, yet it really did more to encourage the growth of Toledo than any other one thing in the early history of the town. It not only gave the new place more than ordinary advantages in the matter of inland trade, but made Toledo the most important point between Chicago and Cleveland in the railway system of the middle West when it was more fully developed in later years.

This pioneer railroad has been followed from time to time by a number of the most important railway systems of the United States. A glance at the railway situation here shows the present advantages of the city with regard to rail transportation. The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern places Toledo in line with Chicago and New York and intermediate cities; the Pennsylvania gives access to Philadelphia and all the country reached by the Pennsylvania and its branches; the Wabash gives a direct route to St. Louis and Kansas City; the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton provides an outlet to Indianapolis and the Ohio Valley; the Columbus, Hocking Valley, and Toledo reaches the Ohio River at Gallipolis by way of the capital of the State of Ohio; the Michigan Central reaches out to Detroit, Buffalo, and Mackinaw; the Flint and Pierre Marquette goes into the lumber and mining regions of northern Michigan by way of Saginaw and Bay City; the Toledo, Ann Arbor, and Northern Michigan also taps the rich regions of northern Michigan by a different route; the Wheeling and Lake Erie touches the West Virginia country; the Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City gives a competing outlet to St. Louis; the Toledo and Ohio Central connects Corning and Columbus with lake navigation; the Toledo, Jackson, and Mackinaw levies tribute upon the trade of the country between the head of the lake and Allegan; and the Toledo, Columbus, and Cincinnati completes the railway situation with a line to Bowling Green, Findlay, and Kenton. I have mentioned these railroads in detail because any man who has the curiosity to see what extent of country is covered by railroads having tracks or connections at Toledo need only to consult a map of the United States to learn for himself all that there is to know. The railway situation, with this list of roads as a basis of beginning, will be very easily understood.

In taking into consideration Toledo's advantages in the matter of the transportation of manufactured goods, coal, iron, and other products of the tributary country, the lake situation should by no means be lost sight of. The harbor of Toledo is in the track of all vessels that ply between the eastern ports and Duluth or Chicago. There is thus water connection with all the important centres of Eastern and Western traffic. In the matter of freight rates alone this is an important matter, becauses it places Toledo in direct water connection with Chicago, Duluth, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, and New York. If a manufacturer is not always satisfied with rail shipments, he has only to change his route a trifle, and ship by water, which is a method of transportation both convenient and cheap.

In addition to the lake system of transportation, the Miami Canal gives a cheap means of communication with the Ohio River and western Ohio, especially in the transportation of lumber and other heavy articles of merchandise. That Toledo's opportunities in the way of water transportation are fully appreciated is pretty fully shown in the fact that the already commodious harbor is to be still further improved by the construction of a straight channel to Lake Erie. This will be done by the government at a cost of several millions of dollars. When this is done, the shipping business may be expected to show a steady increase, although the harbor now is a very lively spot in the navigation season.

One of the harbor's chief industries in the season is the shipment of grain to the Eastern seaboard. Grouped about on the wharves are twelve large elevators, which have an aggregate storage capacity of 7,258,000 bushels, and facilities for receiving and shipping 1,240,000 bushels of grain a day. Moored side by side with the vessels that bring grain to these elevators are other vessels that carry many thousands of feet of lumber from the mills of the northern lake region and much ore from the Lake Superior mines, and not far away are still other vessels loaded with coal from the mines of Ohio. Toledo Harbor seems to be a natural meeting-place for cheap coal and cheap ore, and for other things that go into the manufacture of various kinds of staple articles. This is a significant point for manufacturers to consider. When coal and iron come together by the laws of nature, at that place nature intended should be built workshops and factories. The natural advantages of Toledo in this respect have already been made use of to a large extent, and the people of the city are encouraging similar enterprises by offering free sites to manufacturers, and in other ways giving assistance to men who will make use of the opportunities here offered. Something of the progress of the city in manufacturing enterprises may be learned from the reports of the census for some time past. The census of 1850 showed that there were in Toledo at that time 30 manufacturing establishments, which employed 263 hands, and manufactured goods to the value of $304,525; in 1860 there were 100 concerns, employing 885 hands, and turning out a product worth $1,568,390; in 1880 there were 440 firms, with $5,534,285 invested as capital, employing 6738 hands, and a yearly output of $10,600,000. It is asserted that the census figures of 1891 will show a decided improvement on these figures.

It may confidently be expected that the census reports for the year 1900 will show a wonderful growth in the number and extent of manufacturing concerns, chiefly for the reason that the discovery of large resources of natural gas near the city of Toledo has given to manufacturers a new fuel. The value of natural gas for manufacturing purposes is fully appreciated only in those districts which have gas wells in successful operation. The great manufacturing city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has long since demonstrated that gas is not only one of the best fuels in existence, both as regards convenience and cheapness, but that it is undoubtedly the very best fuel for domestic purposes in the known world. Natural gas is not of much use for illuminating purposes unless it is largely mixed with coal gas in a manufactured state, but for the kitchen fire, and for the parlor and sleeping-chamber, it has no superior. It is clean, cheap, quick, and safe. The people of Toledo have been using natural gas for domestic purposes for the past three years, the supply being drawn from gas wells in northwestern Ohio, about thirty-eight miles distant; but now the municipality of Toledo proposes to go into the gas business as a city affair, and to supply any quantity of gas for domestic and manufacturers' use at actual cost. The people of the city have every reason to congratulate themselves that this important step has been taken, because it means a great deal to their comfort, convenience, and prosperity. As authorized by law, the city will spend $750,000 in the purchase of gas territory and in laying the necessary pipes. In the city itself there will be laid about 90 miles of gas mains, which will supply about 150,000,000 cubic feet of gas per day if demanded. This amount will be something like four times the present supply. It is estimated that the cost of the gas to consumers will average about five cents per 1000 feet. That this is a remarkably cheap rate is shown by the charges for natural gas in the Pennsylvania oil fields, where the rate is from 19 to 25 cents. In Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where the supply is unusually large, the cost is 12½ cents. As the gas supply for Toledo will be limited to the actual cost, there is every reason to believe that the city will have not only the cheapest gas rate in the United States, but also the cheapest fuel in the world. For manufacturing purposes, coal at two dollars a ton is considered reasonably cheap. As a matter of fact, very few cities in this country get it at less than that price; and yet at two dollars per ton, coal is more than twice as dear as an equal amount of fuel-making gas. No steam-user would long hesitate between the use of coal or gas if he had the choice.

Natural gas has been used as fuel in Ohio for only four or five years, although it has furnished heat and power to the people of the Pennsylvania oil regions for a much longer period of time. Perhaps the most conspicuous example of the benefits to be gained by the use of natural gas is the growth of the town of Findlay, Ohio, which has in four years risen from a population of four thousand to a population of twenty-three thousand. The increase has been caused almost entirely by the addition of manufacturing concerns to the industries of the place. Manufacturers who were looking for cheap fuel found it at Findlay, and, in fact, at other places in the Ohio gas belt; and villages that had known nothing more stirring than the weekly agricultural market found themselves competing with one another as manufacturing and commercial centres. If these towns, which are remote from water transportation, and which are not overburdened with competing railroad lines, can show such remarkable progress in business growth, it is certainly reasonable to believe that the city of Toledo, with all its advantages of rail and water shipments, and its easy access to the raw material of several States, will become one of the greatest manufacturing points in the United States. The frequent prophecy that the gas supply will some day suddenly come to an end has not yet been fulfilled, nor are there any signs that it will be. Five years ago the first commercial gas wells were drilled at Findlay, and at the present time the flow of gas from the pioneer well is as strong as ever. Instances might be given from the Pennsylvania fields showing the permanence of the gas supply, but the continued expansion of the gas supply in all parts of the gas fields makes that unnecessary. Gas wells sometimes give out, as oil wells frequently do; but when one fails, another one is drilled to take its place. The logic of reason has been applied to the oil business and to the gas business time after time by some of the most scientific of men, but yet the oil wells continue to be as uncertain in their action as they were in the early days of Oil Creek and Pithole. The practical oil-producer knows a few things about oil wells from long and perhaps costly experience; but what he does know is merest conjecture when compared to what he does not know; and in saying this I am aware that there are a great many very shrewd and capable men engaged in the business. The only certain thing about the oil business is its uncertainty; and I think that the same thing may be justly said of the natural-gas industry. Experienced men in the Pennsylvania regions have faith enough in the permanency of the gas supply to invest many millions of dollars in gas lands, gas wells, and pipe; and when they do that it is pretty solid evidence that their experience justifies them in doing so. The fact that Pennsylvania capitalists—and men, too, who have made their money at this sort of thing—are constantly on the alert to buy gas lands in the Ohio fields may be taken as reasonably conclusive evidence that the municipality of Toledo is not acting unwisely in spending three-quarters of a million of dollars in gas plant. It may be maintained as a broad principle of political economy that a municipality is justified in taking any reasonable measures to promote the growth of its population and business; and certainly, if the success of other places that have begun the use of natural gas is to be taken into account, it must be admitted that the prospects of Toledo are very far from being doubtful. What has been done in places which do not have the natural advantages of Toledo may be done here on a much larger and more successful scale.

The visitor to the city at the head of the lake will find, however, that there are other things to think about besides lake shipping, railway lines, grain elevators, lumber wharves, and manufactures, although it must be acknowledged that to the practical man these things are remarkably attractive and interesting. The stranger will find Toledo to be one of the most pleasant and agreeable cities in the middle West, and in this section of the United States modern American civilization will be found at its highest state of development. The people here have built a solid, substantial, and altogether comfortable city, with few outward signs of material ostentation, and yet a city which has its wealth, its culture, and its social life in as high a degree as many an older city farther East. By their more ambitious neighbors the people of Toledo are looked upon as being a trifle too conservative, if not actually slow, which is in the West a very reprehensible phase of character. It perhaps may not be denied that the good folk of Toledo have in the past been rather inclined to conservatism; and I fancy that they have given their more lively Western friends less credit for solidity of character than they should have done, thus indicating that they were pretty well satisfied with themselves and their way of conducting their affairs. All cities are more or less likely to fall into conservative habits, even in the golden-tinted West, and it is not strange that Toledo should be open to this charge. I am glad to say, however, that there is less chance for ambitious neighbors to lodge a charge of this kind now than there has been in times past, because everything points to an awakening from the mild doze of conservatism to a fuller realization of the opportunities that are at hand.

As a natural result of the old spirit of conservatism, the social side of Toledo has a rather thick crust of exclusiveness, although that, too, may be broken by a new era of better and broader feeling. There are many amiable people in Toledo, and they live in very comfortable houses, where they are surrounded by the best that modern civilization has to offer; and while it may be admitted that they have a perfect right to shut themselves up if they want to, still it is a pity that so much that is good and amiable should be denied to so many of their less fortunate neighbors. It has been said that man is but a trustee of his brains or his wealth, and that he should use these things for the general good of mankind. In like manner, man should be only a trustee of his social qualities, and he should endeavor to use those qualities so that other persons may have some enjoyment of them. I fancy that the social conservative of Toledo rarely pauses to think that he is wasting his time by shutting himself up in a small circle of intimate friends, who get to know him and to know his ways so that he actually loses his social interest. Society in the East is getting broader and less conservative, and is all the better for it. Why should not Toledo mark the new beginning in its life by following this example? The native of Toledo may differ from me entirely, but I have no hesitation in saying that this is the way in which the situation strikes the stranger.

In its intellectual life Toledo is more fully abreast of the trend of modern progress. Her public-school system cannot be surpassed by any city in the country of the same size. She has twenty-nine school buildings, worth $750,000, and has, in addition to the public schools, one of the most complete and comprehensive manual training schools in the United States. Besides the public schools there are a number of parochial, private, and free schools for instruction in special departments, including training in industrial and kindergarten education. As a supplementary educational resource, the city has a library of nearly 30,000 carefully selected books, which are contained in a new and attractive library building, which cost the city $69,000. The Soldiers' Memorial Hall is one of the largest and most commodious public buildings of the kind in the country. It was erected in recognition of the services of the patriotic citizens in the defence of the Union during the war of the rebellion.

As a place of residence Toledo will be found to be very pleasant, especially during the summer season. The city possesses in its excellent river facilities for a distance of fifteen miles, and in its contiguity to the islands of Lake Erie, the Detroit River, and the upper lakes, opportunities for summer-day recreation not enjoyed by any other city of the Great Lakes. The sanitary arrangements in the city itself are unusually complete, there being sixty miles of good sewers, which were laid at a cost of $1,000,000. The system of water-works includes sixty miles of mains, which cost $1,500,000. In this, as in other things, the city has done its utmost to make itself one of the most habitable places in its section of country, and to persons who have looked the ground over carefully and noted the results there is every indication that it has succeeded.

In carrying out public improvements and in projecting new ones, the leading citizens have been greatly encouraged and sustained by a liberal and intelligent press. Here, as elsewhere among the most progressive cities of America, the newspapers have done important service in suggesting and recommending public measures likely to benefit the people. The Toledo papers are among the best known in the State of Ohio. The *Blade* has for many years had an international reputation for a peculiar vein of political humor, which was the inspiration of the late Mr. Locke, the editor of the paper. Apart from its humorous side, the *Blade* has a local reputation for good sense and a fearless advocacy of things which are right and just. The Toledo *Commercial* was some time ago reorganized, and with Mr. P. C. Boyle at its head, it is now growing to be one of the foremost morning dailies of the entire lake region. Mr. Boyle fully appreciates the opportunities for Toledo's advancement in connection with the development of the oil and gas fields of northwestern Ohio, while at the same time keeping well abreast of current events in other directions.

AMATEVR · SPORT

About ten years ago Evert Jansen Wendell, then president of the Harvard Athletic Association and an undergraduate, proposed an annual series of competitive track events between Yale and Harvard. Mr. Wendell labored long and diligently in his efforts to bring about such a meeting, but unsuccessfully. The bugaboo of the dual league had even at that date been abroad in the land, and, in consequence, the idea found much opposition from those who claimed to see in it the germ of what would or might develop into the much-dreaded dual combination. Since that time we have had such a discussion of the dual-league question as we shall probably not again have; its consummation has been nearer than it is ever likely to be in the future, and now, after casting about on every side for some means to the desired end, a return is finally made to substantially the original plan fathered in '82 by Mr. Wendell.

There has always been a feeling, especially among the alumni of the two colleges, that the interest of undergraduate and alumni would be greatly increased in the respective *alma mater* by an annual track athletic meeting. This belief had grown so strong and become so generally shared by graduates of both Yale and Harvard, that some of the prominent members of the University Club took the matter in hand, and the result is shown in the following Deed of Gift, first made public with this issue of the Weekly.

"The undersigned hereby offer to the students of Harvard University and Yale University a cup, to be known as the University Track Athletic Cup, for the encouragement of track athletics and to foster a friendly rivalry between the students of the two universities in track and field athletics.

"A track athletic contest between the students of the two universities is to be held annually, between May 1st and July 1st from 1891 to 1899 inclusive, provided this contract be renewed annually to the entire and mutual satisfaction of the universities. The cup shall become the property of the university whose students shall win the majority of the nine contests herein provided for, to be held as a trophy. If either or both universities shall withdraw before the completion of the nine years' term, the cup shall be disposed of in such manner as may be agreed upon by a majority of the trustees appointed by the donors. Said trustees shall have the power by unanimous vote to amend this deed of gift.

"The time and place for holding each contest, the number and nature of the events, the points that are to count, the rules regulating each contest and each event, the method of counting, the rules regulating the eligibility of contestants, and all incidental matters, including the construction of all rules, shall be determined and may from time to time be changed and amended by the representatives of the two universities herein named, and their successors as herein provided, except as otherwise herein stated. Voting by proxy shall be permitted. To make any change or amendment an affirmative vote of at least five shall be necessary. As representing Harvard University the following persons are appointed, viz.: Wendell Baker of New York city, George L. Morrison of Boston, Massachusetts, the captain from time to time of the Harvard Track Athletic Team, and one undergraduate to be selected by the Executive Committee of the Harvard Athletic Association prior to January 1st of each year. An additional undergraduate, not a Senior, to be selected by the Executive Committee of the Harvard Athletic Association, shall be allowed to attend the meetings of this committee and join in debate, without power to vote.

"Vacancies shall be filled by the other representatives of Harvard University.

"As representing Yale University, the following persons are appointed, viz.: Walter Camp, Henry Stanford Brooks, the captain from time to time of the Yale Track Athletic Team, and one undergraduate to be selected by the Executive Committee of the Yale Athletic Association prior to January 1st of each year. An additional undergraduate, not a Senior, to be selected by the Executive Committee of the Yale Athletic Association, shall be allowed to attend the meetings of this committee and join in debate, without power to vote.

"Vacancies shall be filled by the other representatives of Yale University.

"Dated March 16, 1891."

Signed by subscribers.

The money for the cup has been collected by individual subscription, the idea being to make the contribution of each one as small as possible, so that the total number of donors might be large. The wisdom of thus preventing cliques, and making the trophy, in fact as in name, the University Cup, is appreciated. Further provision is made regarding the trusteeship of the cup as follows:

"We hereby appoint Robert Bacon and Henry S. Van Duzer of Harvard, and J. Frederic Kernochan and George A. Adee of Yale, trustees, with power to act for each and all of us as if they were the sole donors.

"Should any trustee retire from the trust for any cause, the remaining Yale or Harvard trustee, as the case may be, shall fill the vacancy."

The question immediately presenting itself to every college man reading this will be: Does this mean the final consummation of that much-discussed dual league? Will it lead up to it? With very little hesitation, I should say no to both queries, and for the following several reasons: First, notwithstanding the fact that it yet has a great many strong adherents, who never lose an opportunity of proclaiming their faith, the dual league is in sober earnest a dead letter; it is a lost cause. The American boy may in a moment of impetuous rebellion at fancied wrongs make no end of direful and senseless threats, but when he has retired within his closet, and given the matter serious consideration, his proverbial good sound sense comes manifestly to the rescue. The undergraduates of Harvard and Yale, the very athletes themselves, would not countenance an arrangement calling for an interchange of sport to the exclusion—and it must be that, so far as that dual league is concerned, or nothing—of every other college. The American spirit of the athletes would grow restive under a law that directed their efforts in so narrow a channel, and commanded their comings and goings. A dual league might possibly work in boating, but it would never be feasible in base-ball, foot-ball, and most emphatically not in track athletics.

Second, there is no doubt but that there exists a strong feeling among Harvard and Yale undergraduates to have, in addition to the general open meetings, a special "go" at one another in every branch of sport. Such has always been the case in all but track athletics, and now that this is provided for by the generous wisdom of the New York alumni, there remains no further grievance. Last, and by no means the least important consideration, in my estimation, is the power vested in the Executive Committee, and the character of the men that compose it. It will be seen by a careful reading of the Deed of Gift that considerable license is given this committee—date and location of competition, points, etc., etc., being left entirely in its hands. The committee consists of Walter Camp, Henry Stanford Brooks, Wendell Baker, and George L. Morrison, of Boston, four college men of ability, good sense, and unbiassed judgment. These men, to my certain knowledge, have the best interests of intercollegiate sport in its broadest meaning at heart, and will fill the office with the highest consideration of their duty.

Now that the joint meeting has been arranged between Yale and Harvard, the most important duty falling upon Messrs. Camp, Brooks, Baker, and Morrison is deciding upon the location for the games. The greatest significance attaches to this matter, though to the unthinking it may appear merely one of the incidentals. To begin with, I have the positive assurance of the prime movers in this matter that there is no intention whatever of setting up in opposition to the Intercollegiate meeting; on the contrary, the desire is to further its interests by developing the material at the colleges, and consequently increasing the number of entries and improving the quality of their performance. This being the case, then, there should be no hesitation whatever in deciding on alternating between New Haven and Cambridge. This will not please all the New York alumni, of course, many of whom want the meeting here; but it will have the support of fully seventy per cent. of the graduates of both colleges. It should be borne clearly in mind that the sole *raison d'être* of these games is to increase the interest of the Yale and Harvard alumni in the athletes of their respective *alma mater;* hence New York is not the place for them. Neutral ground is neither in keeping with the idea that prompts the games nor desirable. There is nothing neutral about the matter. The affair is partisan to the last degree, and should unquestionably be held one year at New Haven and the following at Cambridge, either a week before the intercollegiate championships or about the middle of June. All things considered, the latter date would probably be preferable, but in any event it is not a matter of great importance.

One of the strongest arguments to substantiate my assertion that a successful dual league between Yale and Harvard would be an impossibility is the turn matters have taken in intercollegiate base-ball. What at one time promised to be an awkward situation has, thanks to the fact that the captains of the Yale, Harvard, and Princeton nines preferred straight base-ball to quibbling over silly rules, turned out well, after all. And what has made this result possible if not the desire of every man on the college nines and every undergraduate to see their team meet the best in the field? What brought the matter to an immediate crisis, however, was the sportsman-like and thoroughly common-sense position taken by Yale. She strenuously proclaimed her desire to play both Harvard and Princeton, but on condition that these two also play each other. Harvard was not for a moment averse to playing Princeton, and had continued out merely because she did not like the idea of "giving in." She insisted, however, she would not join a league, and could not play in New York. Princeton's going into New England has, therefore, opened the way for Harvard. But it does appear so utterly and stupidly boyish to keep up the farce by going to Hartford for the series. As said before in these columns, that New England clause was merely a blind for last year's nonsense, and the occasion being removed, all vestige of the folly should have gone with it. It would have been sportsmanlike of Harvard to agree to a game at Princeton and one at Cambridge, and completely wiped out the old score. As it is now, the mere fact of going to Hartford is acknowledgment in itself of the tenderness of the old wound.

The games will be played as follows: May 2d and 9th, Harvard—Princeton, at Hartford; May 16th, Yale—Harvard, at New Haven; May 23d, Yale—Princeton, at New Haven; May 30th, Harvard—Yale, at Cambridge; June 6th, Princeton—Yale, at Princeton; June 13th, Yale—Princeton, in New York; June 18th, Harvard—Yale, at Cambridge; June 23d at New Haven; June 25th at Springfield. Unless all previous weather records are broken, Princeton should profit by the early dates secured with Harvard, owing to the New Jersey open weather. As a recompense for this, Harvard should gain considerable valuable practice from these two games with Princeton previous to the first Yale games. Yale is, however, by no means averse to taking the week or two longer in which to break in her new pitchers. Strange to relate, therefore, every one is satisfied. While Harvard will be getting practice games in the vicinity of Boston, both Yale and Princeton will make more or less extended trips, Yale taking advantage of the Easter recess to play both leagues and college nines in Pennsylvania and Virginia, as well as in New York.

As we go to press it is rumored that the Harvard Athletic Committee will refuse to ratify the dates arranged with Princeton. After having met Princeton and received concessions, even to going into New England for the games, it seems hardly possible that now the Cambridge men will hide behind the skirts of that committee and say, "We find we cannot play you early, because you will have the advantage." Surely Harvard cannot afford to countenance such trifling. Further comment is reserved until additional investigation is made.

It is with regret I notice the collegians taking sides in the continuation of the base-ball war among professional players. What have college men and amateurs to do with professional quarrels? And where are our virtuous athletic committees, that they don't give some evidence of their usefulness in this direction rather than working over dead issues?

The men whom Captain Calhoun, of Yale, will take with him on the Southern trip are Cushing and Owsley, of last year's nine; while Poole, who goes with the Glee Club, will join them for two games. Murphy and N. McClintock, substitutes last year, will also be included. The former put up a very clever game at centre in the important matches of last season, and can play short in an emergency, having filled that position on his Freshman nine. McClintock was not in good health last year; but when fit and well is every inch a ball player, as he proved two years ago in left-field. Harvey, a brother of the foot-ball player, will go as short stop and fielder. Stewart will play first, and, unless his batting proves weak, will occupy the position regularly. If he fails to find the ball, Winters, a new man, can cover the bag with credit. Jackson and Bowers, the change battery of last year, and Case, Kedzie, Evans, and Frambach—all four of whom are Freshman pitchers—will be on the tour. Kedzie can play a good third, if Owsley should be laid off for any reason. The result of this trip will be to discover whether any one of these Freshmen is enough of a ball-tosser to carry Yale through a Harvard or Princeton game, and, as usual, will probably make two or three of them sadder but wiser men.

It is hardly the time to criticise the Yale crew, as it has only just gotten out of the tank; but I had a look at the men last Saturday in their boat, and found quite a little improvement in their work as a crew. The men were rowing: Balliet, bow; Crosby, 2; Mills, 3; Gould, 4; Pond, 5; Ely, 6; Hagerman, 7; Simms, stroke. Both bow and No. 2 give the impression of not putting their heart into the work. They are strong, but Balliet fails to get on his power quick enough, and Crosby pulls short. On the other hand, No. 3 tries hard enough, and will probably make a fair oar; at present he lets his slide get away from him. No. 4 was probably in for the day only; at any rate, he was very careless in his work. Pond is a comparatively new man, weighing about 165, but strong and tough, and for the short time he has been in the boat does well, though apt to drop his shoulder. Ely, occupying Brewster's seat, who is down with the measles, was the best of the second crew; he pulls strong, appears interested in his work, but drops his shoulder. Hagerman has improved greatly; though he has not been able to shake off all the old style yet, he will make a good oar eventually. The coach should watch him on the catch, and see that he gets a firm hold on the water. Simms has made a little improvement, but there is considerable for him to do yet before he becomes the choice man for the place; he seems willing to learn, however, and that is at least a great deal. Paine and Heffelfinger, who have recently had especial instruction from Bob Cook, were out in a pair, and rowing in much better form. They will not take a seat in the eight until after Easter. All things considered, the men are doing as well as could be expected. Yale is counting heavily on the benefits that will be derived from the Easter vacation, which all the candidates will spend in Philadelphia under the eye of Cook. We will have a look at them after their return.

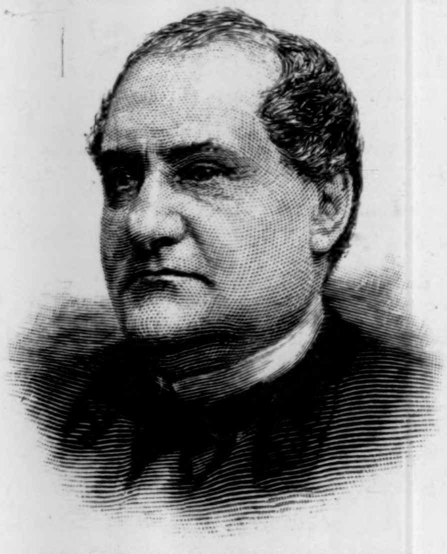
If any further proof were necessary to demonstrate the danger of empowering politicians rather than sportsmen to frame sporting laws, it has been furnished by the Codification Committee in their handling of the "jacking" question. In the first report made to the New York State Legislature "jacking" was entirely abolished, and sportsmen far and near rejoiced in the partial triumph of common decency in our laws governing such matters. It was not to be expected that this ruling would please the pot-hunters of the North Woods, or the host of butchers that flock in from the surrounding cities for their annual killing. These immediately raised a great howl about the heads of the Codification Committee, with the result that the new resolution was rescinded, and the old curse of good sport reinstated in power. It is outrageous that the sportsmen of this State should remain passive under such ill-advised legislation; it is more than that; it is positively shameful that the good name of the State should be besmirched by such damnable practices as deer jacking and hounding.

There are comparatively few outside of those who take a hand in this butchery that really know what the "jacking" of deer means. Practically it is assassination, if the word may be permitted in this connection. The outfit consists of a small boat or canoe that may be sculled. In the bow is the jack, a lantern especially manufactured for this purpose, with a powerful reflector, and on the pattern of the bull's-eye dark lantern. The party consists of the guide, who manages the boat, and the butcher, who sits in the bow back of the lantern. They move silently about not far from the bank until the deer are heard, when the cap is taken off the lantern, and a strong streak of light thrown on the water. Now the guide swings the bow around until the deer are discovered standing, probably in the shallow water, and then keeping the light in their eyes, which either dazzles or fascinates them so they do not attempt to escape, the boat, unseen, but quietly and swiftly, draws near, sometimes getting within fifty feet. The butcher, completely in the dark, waits until within range so short that the chances of missing his victim are few; then he fires, nine times out of ten using a shot-gun, which none but such as he would draw on large game. And this is sport! This is what the people of this State countenance as such by the acts of their Legislature!

Bad as it is, jacking is preferable to hounding. There is a chance of occasionally missing an animal in the former, but in the latter case none, as the hounds invariably drive the deer to water, and then our legalized butcher has merely to row up to the struggling creature and end its misery with a club. Truly this is sport. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has for several seasons made considerable effort to prosecute those indulging in rabbit coursing, which by no means is to be compared with jacking and hounding. Is there not ample field in the North Woods for this society? May we hope for relief from jacking and hounding through the agency of this powerful organization?

The position taken by Messrs. George W. Carr and A. G. Mills concerning the resolution offered by Mr. Charles F. Mathewson for the limitation of the value of prizes presents ample material for serious reflection. It is a well-known fact, acknowledged on all sides, that the drag-net set in motion for entries to games has been baited with prizes of considerable value. It is likewise acknowledged that the intense competition excited between clubs has led not only to the continual increasing in value of prizes, until we have diamond rings and gold watches offered, but it has attracted to athletics a class of men whose absolutely only incentive was the intrinsic value of the prize. These men, it has been acknowledged by the clubs of both Mr. Mills and Mr. Carr, turn such prizes into money. To purge athletics of this filth, Mr. Mathewson, president of the Berkeley Athletic Club, proposed an amendment which provided that medals in club games should cost not to exceed $20, $10, and $5; association championships, $35, $20, and $10; national championships, $50, $25, and $15. In voting on the question, Mr. Mills and Mr. Carr each opposed Mr. Mathewson's proposal, and argued in favor of $50 medals. Mr. Mills is president of the New York Athletic Club; Mr. Carr is president of the Manhattan Club—the two most powerful athletic clubs in the country. Are we to assume from the action of these gentlemen that they represent the mug-hunting element? Or is it a straw showing in which direction the wind will blow in the future? Opposition comes rather inconsistently from Mr. Mills as president of a club that a month ago preached a strong lesson for reform by passing a resolution confining prizes in boxing to medals limited in value to $20. The final passing of a resolution setting the value of medals at all meetings at $35, $20, and $10 is undoubtedly one of the best and most far-reaching steps toward reformation.

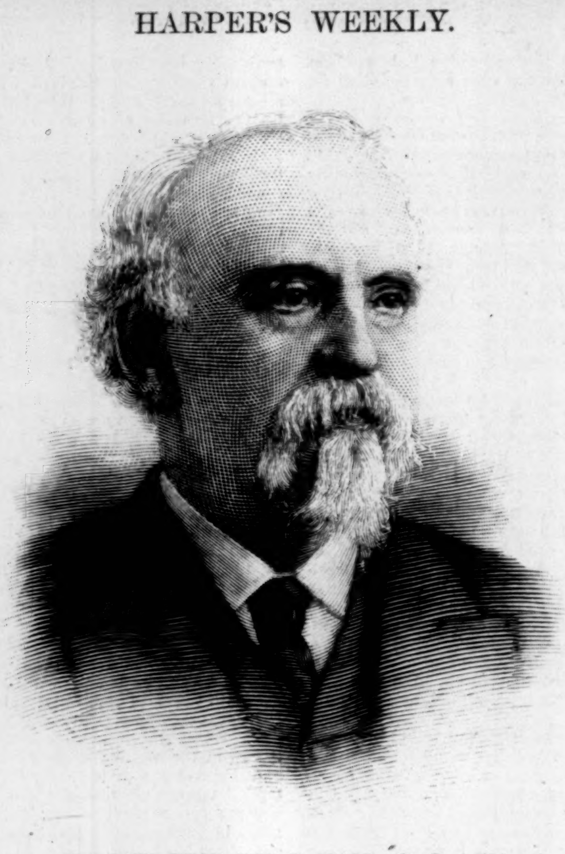
THE ICE YACHTING SEASON just ended has been a very disappointing one. It opened with great promises of sport, but following the proverbial old saw, having come in like a lion, it has gone out like a lamb; although there was thick ice on the Hudson all winter, snow-storms followed rain and thaw, and kept owners in a continual state of despair. The river at Hyde Park closed December 24th, but the ice was not in condition for sailing until January 13th, and six days' sport were enjoyed in that month. February furnished thirteen days, and March one, making in all twenty days, and not one really good day's sport in the entire number. February 5th, the regatta for the Poughkeepsie Challenge Pennant, the championship trophy of the Hudson River, was sailed, the Carthage Landing Ice Yacht Club entering *Ranger*, lateen-rigged, against the Hudson River Club's sloop *Blitzen*, the latter winning. Three attempts were made to race for the Challenge Pennant of America, the ice yacht trophy of the world, but the wind was invariably too light to make the twenty miles in the time limit of one hour and fifteen minutes. Much interest had been aroused as to the meeting of the North Shrewsbury Club's yachts *Scud* and *Haze* with the *Icicle*, *Jack Frost*, *Avalanche*, and *Northern Light* of the Hudson River Club, but all were doomed to disappointment. The river opened March 11th, and all the yachts have been put in order for next season, and housed.



THE LATE PRINCE NAPOLEON (PLON-PLON).
[SEE PAGE 223.]

MR. O. S. CAMPBELL'S VICTORY in the Tropical Tennis Championship at St. Augustine was quite in order with the general belief. Mr. Wright showed excellent form, better than had probably been expected; but though there were a few who thought he might win by catching Mr. Campbell out of form, the verdict of the majority was with the champion. This is the third year Mr. Campbell has won this championship; another victory, and the handsome trophy will become his property. The most interesting feature of the tournament, however, was the appearance in the doubles of R. D. Sears, the unbeaten champion of a few years back. Mr. Sears played a strong game, and created the impression that should he re-enter the lists this year, the winner at Newport would be an uncertain quantity.

NOW AND AGAIN a stray squib finds its way into the columns of the daily press about the proposed trip to Europe of a so-called representative cricket eleven. Considerable wonder is expressed as to what players will compose this team. To those that have forgotten the project, it may be as well to jog their memory, for though of little importance in itself the principle involved is one that should have the attention of every American cricketer. Last fall a Philadelphia paper sent one of its reporters abroad with the idea of arranging a series of cricket matches for a representative American team which it was proposed to organize after the date had been made. The idea, though one of those advertising schemes to which we have become so accustomed nowadays, was not so bad in its way, if the projectors had gone about it a little differently. But it appears that the newspaper advance agent gave the impression abroad that the leading cricketers of America were with him, and that the team sent from here would contain our best material. The young man did what many another has done in counting upon his chickens before they were hatched. He found on his return that the leading cricketers would neither recognize him nor his dates, and his paper has been casting about ever since for material for that champion team. Unless professionals and impecunious Englishmen seeking a homeward passage are gathered in for this particular purpose, it looks as though the project would have to be abandoned.

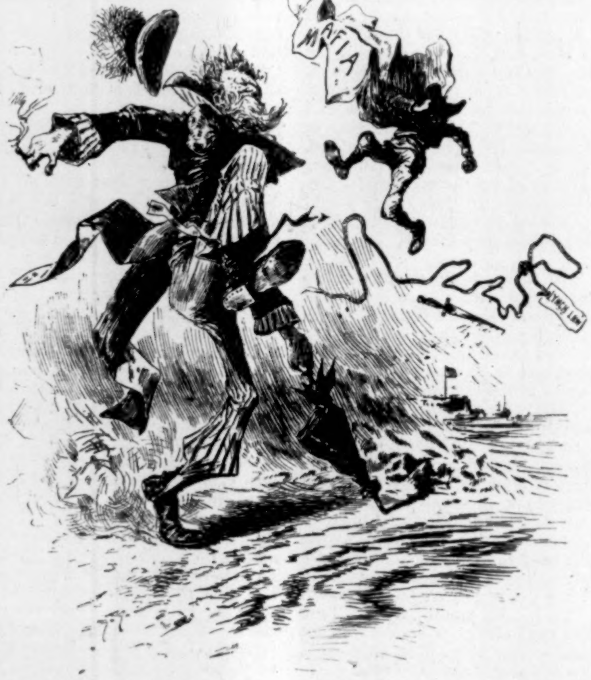


THE LATE JUDGE JOHN R. BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 223.]

SEVERAL GOOD LESSONS may be learned from this. First, that the dignity of the game in this country will not permit of championship tours being arranged by advance press agents, and as incidental features to a newspaper's advertisement; second, that the time has arrived when, if the United States is to be represented in England, the eleven must be composed of Americans and not of transplanted Englishmen; third, that if the game is to attain an equal footing with others, it must be amateur, at least in its matches. There is no more reason, indeed not so much, for playing a professional on a cricket eleven than on a base-ball nine. There was a time when we first began playing the game that such matters were excusable, but there no longer exists such cause. Our teams have become skilled, and an eleven of our best players could undoubtedly render a good account of itself wherever the game is played. We don't care to send a second-rate team abroad to be patronized by the English players, and we don't propose to be misrepresented by over-zealous press agents. There is no reason why the Philadelphia young man should not take over any kind of team he likes, and give his paper all the advertising he can; but there is every reason why he should not proclaim it an all-American representative team.

THERE IS EVERY PROSPECT for a season of general activity in cricket. Here in New York the recent additions to the association, and the excellent schedule thereby assured, promise well for the sport. Some movements are likewise making toward the elimination of the professional. About every club has one attached who is always useful in coaching and steadying the men, but he should never be permitted to play in match games. We have gotten far enough along to do away with that feature. In Philadelphia the season promises to be the busiest in the history of cricket; many tours are projected, and the hot months will probably be filled by making visits to far-off localities where the game is yet young. Some of the Quaker City cricketers are even now on a tour of the Bermudas. The team is in no sense representative—Francis Brewster, Sutherland, Law, and a few veterans are among the number, which includes also Lawrence Haughton, of the Longwood Club, Boston. It is, however, probably strong enough for the work cut out, for cricket in the Bermudas is not up to our standard, even though it is on English soil.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



THE PRESENCE OF ONE MAKES A NECESSITY OF THE OTHER.
U. S. "Then—one, two, three—bounce!—the both of ye."

THE WESTERN SETTLER'S CHOSEN SPECIFIC.

WITH every advance of emigration into the far West, a new demand is created for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Newly peopled regions are frequently less salubrious than older settled localities, on account of the miasma which rises from recently cleared land, particularly along the banks of rivers that are subject to freshets. The agricultural or mining emigrant soon learns, when he does not already know, that the Bitters afford the only sure protection against malaria, and those disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels to which climatic changes, exposure, and unaccustomed or unhealthy water or diet subject him. Consequently, he places an estimate upon this great household specific and preventive commensurate with its intrinsic merits, and is careful to keep on hand a restorative and promoter of health so implicitly to be relied upon in time of need.—[*Adv.*]

A GREAT SPRING TOUR TO FLORIDA VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

BY reason of the enormous popularity accorded the Pennsylvania Railroad's personally-conducted tours to Florida during the winter and spring of 1891, the company has decided to run the sixth and last on March 31st. It will differ in many points from the others. Going south, tourists will travel in a special train of Pullman Sleeping and Dining Cars similar in every respect to the trains used on previous excursions. The excursion tickets, which will be sold at a rate of $50 from New York and $48 from Philadelphia, will include Pullman accommodations and meals *en route* on the south-bound trip, and railroad transportation only on the north-bound trip. They will be valid for return trip on regular trains up to May 30th, 1891. Fifteen days from the date they leave Jacksonville will be allowed tourists to reach Philadelphia or New York, and during those fifteen days they can stop off at points designated on the tickets.

A Tourist Agent and Chaperon will accompany the party south.

The unusual limit of the tickets and privileges accorded will afford an excellent opportunity of a lengthy visit in the South. —[*Adv.*]

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

FOR COUGHS, SORE THROAT, ASTHMA,
Catarrh, and diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, no better remedy can be found than "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES." Sold everywhere, 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

TRY THE CROWN LAVENDER SALTS.—Most refreshing and invigorating; best cure for headache.—[*Adv.*]

THE most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite are ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are the best, the strongest, and most healthful.—[*Adv.*]

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THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

BY GEORGE PELLEW.—ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

FOR four centuries it has been the dream of far-sighted statesmen of the great commercial nations to cut asunder the two American continents where at the isthmus the land narrows like the waist of a wasp between the two oceans, and where their mountain backbone dips to within a few hundred feet of the sea. As early as 1551, Gomara, the historian, suggested the four locations for a waterway that have since been approved as the only possible ones, namely, at Darien, at Panama, at Tehuantepec, and at Nicaragua. Under the lazy rule of Spain no serious attempt was made to realize this dream, but as soon as the old kingdom of Guatemala revolted and formed the republic of Central America, negotiations were begun with the American government, under the Presidency of Adams, in 1825; and after Nicaragua separated and became an independent state, on some ten or more occasions negotiations for the building of an interoceanic canal were proposed between Nicaragua and the governments or individual citizens of the United States, of England, of Holland, of Belgium, and of France. After the Mexican war, when the United States first gained a foothold on the Pacific, a convention for a canal was negotiated by the American *chargé d'affaires* to Central America, but the act was disavowed by this government as without authority. A still more favorable concession to Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt and others, who formed the American Atlantic and Pacific Ship-Canal Company, was secured by the new *chargé d'affaires* to Central America, but the concession was connected with a treaty of friendship and commerce with the United States, and failed when the latter was defeated in the Senate on account of the recent Clayton-Bulwer treaty with Great Britain, that had been hastily negotiated for that purpose.

The successful completion of the Suez Canal revived the interest of the civilized world in an isthmian canal. At the instigation of its then famous promoter, M. de Lesseps, an international congress was held at Paris, to which this government sent delegates, among them Mr. Menocal. Their report and the fear of foreign control of the canal turned the attention of the government and of private capitalists to the Nicaragua route. A Provisional Interoceanic Canal Society was organized by Captain Phelps, General Grant, Admiral Ammen, the Hon. Levi P. Morton, and others, and in 1880 the society received a concession from Nicaragua, which was forfeited in 1884 for failure to perform the conditions. Then President Arthur negotiated a treaty for the building of a canal by the United States in co-operation with Nicaragua; but the treaty, while still pending in the Senate, was withdrawn by President Cleveland.

Among the concessionnaires of the Provisional Interoceanic Canal Society, which had become merged into the Nicaragua Maritime Canal Company, was Mr. A. G. Menocal, mentioned above, a civil engineer in the United States navy. The failure of this company was due to a long-continued effort to procure aid from Congress—an effort defeated by the influence of M. de Lesseps and Captain Eads—and the attempt to finance the company without government guarantee was made finally impossible by the failure of the firm of Grant & Ward. So long, too, as the work on the Panama Canal was in active progress, it was impossible to secure capital for a rival, almost a parallel, canal. Before the close, however, of 1885 the failure of the French undertaking was manifest to close observers, for in that year the expenses already incurred in the performance of less than one-third of the work of excavation amounted to double the sum estimated by M. de Lesseps for the cost of the whole. It was also beginning to be suspected that a canal could not be constructed at Panama without locks, and yet the practicability of a sea-level canal there was the only scientific reason given at the congress for preferring that location to Nicaragua. Tehuantepec presented certain advantages from a theoretical point of view, but it was impossible as a site for a canal, and Captain Eads was unable to persuade the hard-headed business men of America that vessels could be economically carried on wheels over mountains. The necessities of commerce seemed to require some interoceanic canal, and commercially it made little difference what point on the isthmus should be selected for that purpose so long as the canal could be constructed with reasonable economy. Attention then was naturally drawn to the Nicaragua route, since the experimentation of half a century had failed to find a better one. As early as 1879 the American Geographical Society, at the instance mainly of its President, the Hon. Charles P. Daly, had discussed the question. In 1886, by invitation of Judge Daly, Commander Taylor, who had already interested many prominent men at Washington in the enterprise, delivered a lecture before the society in favor of a canal at Nicaragua. The special advantages afforded by the physical geography of this location are unmistakable. Though the distance from ocean to ocean here is 170 miles, by using the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua the length of the canal to be actually excavated is only 27 miles—a work of no extraordinary magnitude in comparison with the 46 miles at Panama and the 65 miles at Suez. Here, too, the depression formed by the lake is only 110 feet above the sea, the lowest depression in the whole range of the Cordilleras. Here, from the scientific point of view, was the most economical route. The canal, too, ought to be in the control of Americans, and it was therefore prudent to take up without delay the lines dropped by the French at Panama. Science, patriotism, and opportunity agreed.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL ASSOCIATION.

In this state of public opinion, Mr. Menocal, who had continued his interest in Nicaragua and his friendship with its government, learnt that the President of Nicaragua would be willing to grant a new concession to a responsible American company. Accordingly, in the spring of 1886, Mr. Menocal and Captain Taylor submitted this possibility to Mr. Horace L. Hotchkiss, Chief Justice Charles P. Daly, President of the New York Geographical Society, Rear-Admiral Ammen, Mr. Francis A. Stout, and Mr. Frederick Billings, well-known citizens of New York. In the following autumn, these gentlemen, together with Mr. J. F. O'Shaughnessy, Captain A. S. Crowninshield, and Messrs. Frederick Billings, W. H. Webb, and James M. Smith, met by appointment in New York, and a committee was appointed, with the result that, after further conference with Mr. Menocal, the Nicaragua Canal Association was formed, with unlimited liability, for the purpose of receiving the necessary concessions and of arranging for the preliminary surveys. Among the members of the association were also Messrs. Robert Garrett, G. E. Kissell, James Roosevelt, H. Hitchcock, and many other men of responsibility. In March, 1887, the government of Nicaragua, and in the following July the government of Costa Rica, granted liberal concessions to Mr. Menocal as agent for the association. The concession from Costa Rica was necessary because its boundary is conterminous with the south bank of the San Juan River, and its territory would be flooded if a dam were erected, as was proposed, at Ochoa, at the confluence of the San Carlo and the San Juan. These concessions, after being duly ratified, were secured by the payment of $100,000 in gold, to be forfeited in case of failure to perform certain specified conditions—the conditions being that certain final surveys should be completed by a given time, and that at least two million dollars should be spent in construction during the first year after ratification.

In the winter of 1887–8 the surveys required by the concessions were begun by a large force of engineers, some eighty in number, and of native laborers, of whom a hundred were brought from Jamaica. The expedition was under the charge of Mr. R. E. Peary as sub chief assistant engineer, Mr. Menocal having been appointed engineer in chief. The association defrayed the expenses of these operations, and is to be reimbursed, according to the concession, by six per cent. of the securities of the final company, issued in excess of its capital.

THE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY.

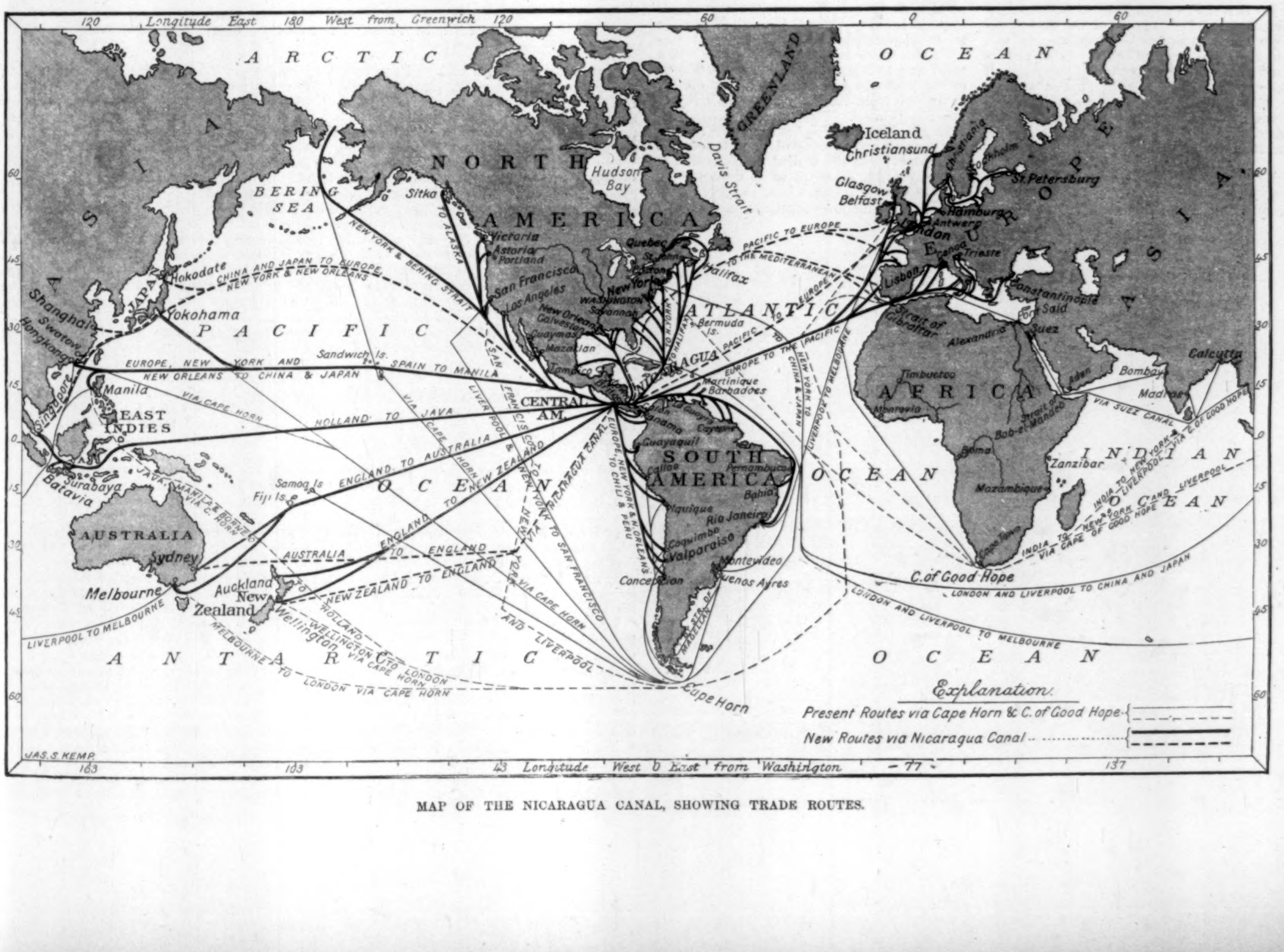
A construction company, with Mr. Francis A. Stout as president, was then organized under the laws of Colorado, with a capital of twelve million dollars. With the proceeds of the pledge or sale of a considerable amount of stock at fifty cents on the dollar to members of the company and the association, the surveys were continued by the company, to which the association forthwith conveyed all its rights and concessions.

THE MARITIME CANAL COMPANY OF NICARAGUA.

The construction company was, however, only the temporary holder or bailee of the concessions, as their terms contemplated their absolute transfer only to a "company of execution," to be organized "by the Nicaragua Canal Association," with its principal office in New York, under the title of "The Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua." Accordingly, after a delay of a year from the first application to Congress, the Maritime Canal Company, with Hiram Hitchcock as president, was incorporated, February 20, 1889, and was authorized to issue stock and bonds, each to the amount of a hundred million dollars. In consideration of these bonds and a certain amount of the stock, of which none as yet has been issued, the construction company agreed to excavate the canal and construct all the necessary and incidental work according to the terms of the concessions. Funds for this purpose were provided by the proceeds of the stock of the construction company, of the twelve million dollars of which a million and a half only remain unissued. Early in November of last year (1890) the concession of Nicaragua was confirmed by a government proclamation, upon the report of a commission appointed by the President of Nicaragua, that, after careful examination, it was found the terms of the concession had been complied with, and more than the two million dollars specified had been expended in construction within the stipulated time.

THE CONCESSIONS.

The articles of the concession from Nicaragua may be briefly summarized. The duration of the concession is to be for a term of ninety-nine years from the day of the opening of the canal, with the privilege then of leasing the canal for another term of ninety-nine years, on the annual payment of twenty-five per cent. of the net profits, the property finally reverting to the government of Nicaragua. The canal is to follow the valley of the river San Juan to Lake Nicaragua, but with the most ample freedom to the company to select the most convenient route. Two large ports are to be constructed and maintained at the ocean termini of the canal, with light-houses of the first order, and two smaller ports, with light-houses, at the entrance and exit on Lake Nicaragua. One thousand manzanas of land, to be selected by the company, are given by the government exclusively for construction purposes on payment of fifty thousand dollars. The company may take material needed for construction from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ASIA
NORTH AMERICA
Hudson Bay
GREENLAND
Davis Strait
BERING SEA
Sitka
TO ALASKA
NEW YORK & BERING STRAIT
Victoria
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Mazatlan
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Boston
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Halifax
Hakodate
CHINA AND JAPAN TO EUROPE, NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS
JAPAN
Yokohama
Shanghai
Swatow
Hongkong
Singapore
PACIFIC OCEAN
Sandwich Is.
EUROPE, NEW YORK AND NEW ORLEANS TO CHINA & JAPAN
SPAIN TO MANILA
Manila
VIA CAPE HORN
EAST INDIES
HOLLAND TO JAVA
VIA CAPE HORN
LIVERPOOL & SAN FRANCISCO
CENTRAL AM.
NICARAGUA CANAL
EUROPE, NEW YORK & N. ORLEANS TO CHILI & PERU
Batavia
Surabaya
JAVA, MANILA & BORNEO VIA C. HORN
Samoa Is
Fiji Is.
ENGLAND TO AUSTRALIA
ENGLAND TO NEW ZEALAND
NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO
NEW YORK VIA CAPE HORN
AUSTRALIA
Sydney
Melbourne
AUSTRALIA TO ENGLAND
Auckland
New Zealand
Wellington
NEW ZEALAND TO ENGLAND
HOLLAND TO WELLINGTON
WELLINGTON TO LONDON VIA CAPE HORN
MELBOURNE TO LONDON VIA CAPE HORN
AND LIVERPOOL
LIVERPOOL TO MELBOURNE
ANTARCTIC OCEAN
Iceland
Christiansund
Christiania
Stockholm
St. Petersburg
Glasgow
Belfast
Hamburg
Antwerp
London
Genoa
Trieste
Lisbon
EUROPE
PACIFIC TO EUROPE
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TO N. YORK
TO HALIFAX
NICARAGUA
EUROPE TO THE PACIFIC
NEW YORK TO CHINA & JAPAN
LIVERPOOL TO MELBOURNE
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Monrovia
Aden
Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb
Boma
Zanzibar
Mozambique
Cape Town
C. of Good Hope
Bombay
Madras
Calcutta
VIA SUEZ CANAL
INDIA TO NEW YORK & LIVERPOOL VIA C. OF GOOD HOPE
INDIA TO NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL VIA CAPE OF GOOD HOPE
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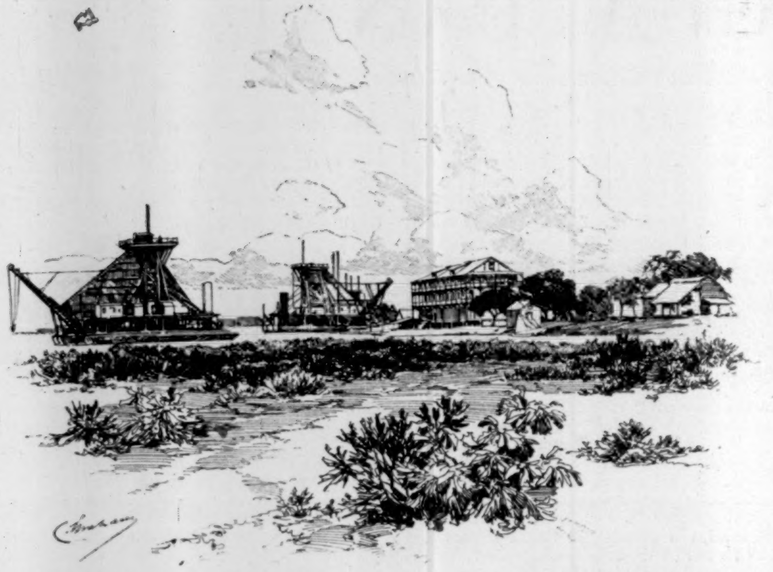
MAP OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL, SHOWING TRADE ROUTES.



STOREHOUSE AND DREDGES AT LA FLO.

the public lands. At the extremities of the canal and at its points of contact with the lake and the San Juan River alternate adjacent lots of land along one side of the canal are given to the company, the lots varying from three miles of frontage on the canal and six miles in depth to one mile of frontage and one mile in depth, together with the right to timber and mines on the ceded property. The company is exempted from taxation. The terminal ports are declared free, and a free zone is established of a hundred yards wide along each bank of the canal—free, that is, except in case of importations into Nicaragua. Material for canal construction is also admitted free of duty. The company may import what laborers it chooses except Asiatics. If the company needs the use of public land, that will be given, while private land needed may be had on payment of the cost to the government of its expropriation. The company is granted the sole right of levying tolls, a reduction of fifty per cent. being stipulated for Nicaraguan vessels. After the expiration of ten years from the opening of the canal, the dividends of the shareholders are limited to fifteen per cent. per annum. In consideration of these concessions the government of Nicaragua is to receive free of payment six per cent. of the total issue of the corporate capital of the company, with the right of appointing a director. The canal is to be open for maritime navigation within ten years, but if it is not open within that time the government promises to grant an extension.

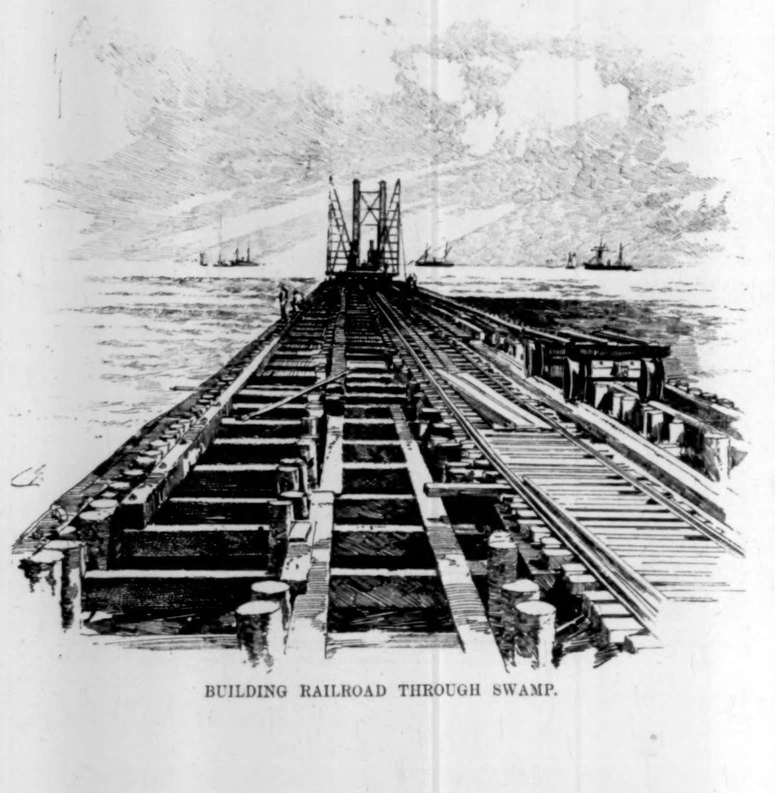
The concession from the government of Costa Rica is similar in terms to that from Nicaragua, the name of the former state being substituted for that of the latter, with the exception that Costa Rica is to receive only one and one-half per cent. of the capital of the company. In both concessions it is provided that the canal shall be of sufficient dimensions to admit vessels of the size of the large ocean steamers between Europe and America; and both declare the canal and its ports neutral, open to merchant vessels of all nations, not to be closed in time of war, except to the vessels of nations at war with Costa Rica or Nicaragua, the passage of vessels of war being otherwise regulated by special treaty or international law.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE AT NICARAGUA.

1. *Previous Surveys.*—The line for the canal prescribed by the concessions was based on many previous concessions and surveys. The route from Greytown, on the Caribbean Sea, by way of the San Juan and Lake Nicaragua, to Brito, on the Pacific, clearly suggested itself first and last as the most suitable on account of its long waterway. One of the earliest trustworthy surveys was that made in 1837 and 1838 for the Central American government by Lieutenant John Bailey, of the British Royal Marines, who surveyed the route from San Juan, now Greytown, to Brito, as chief engineer of the Atlantic and Pacific Ship-Canal Company. Next in importance came that of Mr. O. W. Childs, the chief engineer of the Atlantic and Pacific Ship-Canal Company. Between 1870 and 1872 a survey was begun by Commander Hatfield, U. S. N., and continued by Commander Lull, U.S.N., under the direction of the United States government. The report of this survey was subsequently submitted to a commission, consisting of General Humphries, Chief of Engineers, U.S.A., Mr. C. P. Patterson, the Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, and Admiral Ammen, the head of the Bureau of Navigation in the Navy Department. The conclusion of the commission was that the route by Lake Nicaragua offered fewer difficulties and promised more advantages than any other; an opinion, by-the-way, that has since for some years been maintained by Sir John Hawkshaw, the well-known English engineer, and one that was asserted even by M. de Lesseps before he became connected with the enterprise at Panama.

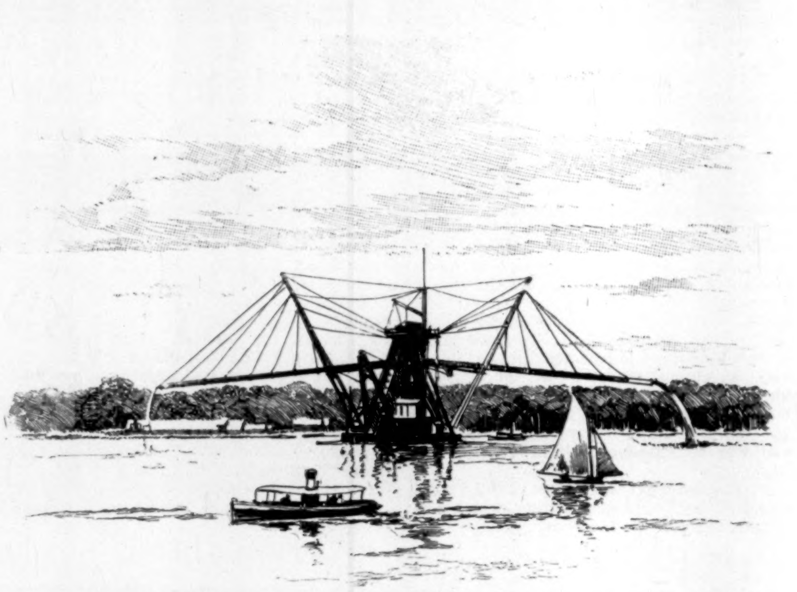
In the report of this commission, which was published in many volumes, there was incorporated a separate signed report by Mr. Menocal, who for some time had been the chief civil engineer of the expedition. After some service at home, Mr. Menocal was sent again to Nicaragua to report on a special point of difference between the surveys of Captain Lull and Colonel Childs. While the treaty negotiated by President Arthur was under consideration, Mr. Menocal was sent a third time to Nicaragua to determine whether the proposed canal should follow closely or diverge from the San Juan. This report was also printed.

2. *The Work at Greytown.*—These numerous surveys, made many of them by officers in the service of the United States, had simplified greatly the work to be done by the new concessionnaires when, in May, 1889, their first engineering construction party left New York for Greytown, ready to begin work immediately on the ratification of the concessions. They landed on a coast remote from all supplies, on the open beach of the bar that had closed the harbor of San Juan del Norte, or Greytown, since 1862. Rough quarters, huts, and tool sheds were built. In the autumn serious operations were begun to break an entrance into the old port. The first thing to be done was to build a breakwater. The difficulties were great. Everything needed, pile-drivers and all, had to be lightered and landed through the surf. By the spring of 1890 the pier, built of piles filled in with brush and stone, began to effect its purpose. The undertow of the waves gradually helped to sweep away the bar, which at first rose four or five feet above the water. Soon lighters could float over it into the harbor. Now the pier is 930 feet long, and to-day the water is 15 feet deep upon the bar, that has been safely crossed by more than one ocean steamer of moderate draught. This pier, or breakwater, is 42 feet in width, and will be carried out to a distance of 1900 feet. The whole structure is a solid mass of great durability, into which it is impossible even for worms to penetrate.



BUILDING RAILROAD THROUGH SWAMP.

3. *The Railroad.*—A construction railroad was begun last June, running from the harbor at Greytown to the rock quarries some thirteen miles inland, and thence three or four miles further to what is called the "divide cut," where for a distance of two miles and a half the canal will have to be excavated through solid rock. After the first nine miles and a half, which is over alluvial soil along the line of the canal, there are two dams and three locks to be erected. The purpose of the railroad is twofold—to carry machinery and material to the sites of the locks and dams and the "divide cut," and to bring back rock from the quarry to complete the building of the pier. At the terminus of the railroad a wharf has been built, 30×264 feet, of creosoted timber and well protected, surmounted by a derrick. For two miles the work on the road was done in water three feet deep, and for four miles in water two feet deep or more, over what had been considered an almost impassable swamp. "The materials of the road," according to the engineer's report, "have been excavated from the entrance of the canal by a steam-shovel capable of handling 1300 yards of dirt in a day, and hauled to the point needed by trains of flat cars carrying about 240 yards to the train." By October four and a half miles of the main line had been laid, extending to a creek over which a bridge had been built 180 feet in length, in part over piles driven to a depth of 90 feet below water. By December, it is understood, the road had reached the quarries, and work on the pier was consequently advancing with great rapidity. "The road is well equipped for construction work, having two powerful locomotives, fifty cars, one steam-shovel, a ballast unloader, lifting jacks, and all appliances necessary."



DREDGE "CITY OF PARIS" AT WORK IN GREYTOWN HARBOR.

4. *The Dredging.*—Two dredges were ordered early in the year, but before they were ready the company agreed in July to purchase of the American Dredging Company the best of their plant that had been brought over for work on the Panama Canal. That plant consists of seven of the most powerful dredges ever built, tugs, lighters, boilers, and over two thousand tons of material, iron and copper piping, which was all carried in over the bar.

The nature of this bar formation at Greytown is clearly described by Mr. Menocal in a paper read before the Fourth International Congress on Inland Navigation, at Manchester, England, last July. The old harbor had a deep inner bay, where the largest sea-going vessels could lie safely. This, by the action of the waves, had been changed into a fresh-water lagoon. The pier, or jetty, is "located to the windward of the proposed entrance channel." On the outside bar thus formed temporarily around the outer end of the pier there is now, as has been said before, some fifteen feet of water. But dredging there cannot be successfully attempted until the pier is extended to nearly its final length, or at least only so far as this bar is brought into the lee of the pier as it is extended. Dredging, however, has been successfully begun on the inner bar. When the six dredges arrived (of the seven expected, one was unfortunately lost), one was put on this bar in December, where there was a depth of from nothing to six feet. The dredge plowed a furrow fourteen feet deep. A second dredge was put to work there a few weeks later; and now one is excavating six thousand yards a day, and the other a little less than five thousand yards. This may be said to be the first beginning of the canal itself.

A contract has been let to the North American Dredging and Improvement Company of New York for dredging 1,500,000 cubic yards in the Greytown Harbor, and it is alleged that the six dredges now on the spot will do all the work necessary, and in half the time allowed by the construction company for the completion of the whole work—that is, in three years instead of six years.

5. *Buildings.*—In the mean time, chiefly at Greytown, many buildings have been built, small in size, but thirty or more in number—a hospital, where the laborers are treated free; quarters for laborers and houses for officers; and storehouses and forges.

6. *The State of the Country.*—In the interior every operation of any kind has been made exceedingly difficult, tedious, and expensive by the roughness of the country and the total absence of thoroughfares. It is all "an unknown and uninhabited wilderness," in the words of the division engineer. The land is covered with dense forests, where nothing can be seen fifty feet away, and where one's way has to be cut slowly and painfully through the tangled tropical vines. Supplies have to be taken in canoes up rivers filled with logs and fallen trees, the accumulation of centuries; or, worse still, lumber and machinery have to be carried on men's backs up and down steep hills and through swamps, in which one sinks waist-deep. A steam snag boat has been bought, and set to clearing out the more useful navigable streams; innumerable trails have been cut, and something approaching roads.

7. *The Telegraph Line.*—A telegraph line has been built, the first part over deep swamps almost impassable, to Castillo, sixty miles from Greytown, to connect with the government line, and so, by way of Galveston and Panama, with the United States. Much of the way the water was so deep that poles could not be set in the ground, and had to be fastened to stumps with wire as the only means of securing them. "It was," reports the engineer, "an expensive line to construct, and is a difficult line to maintain."

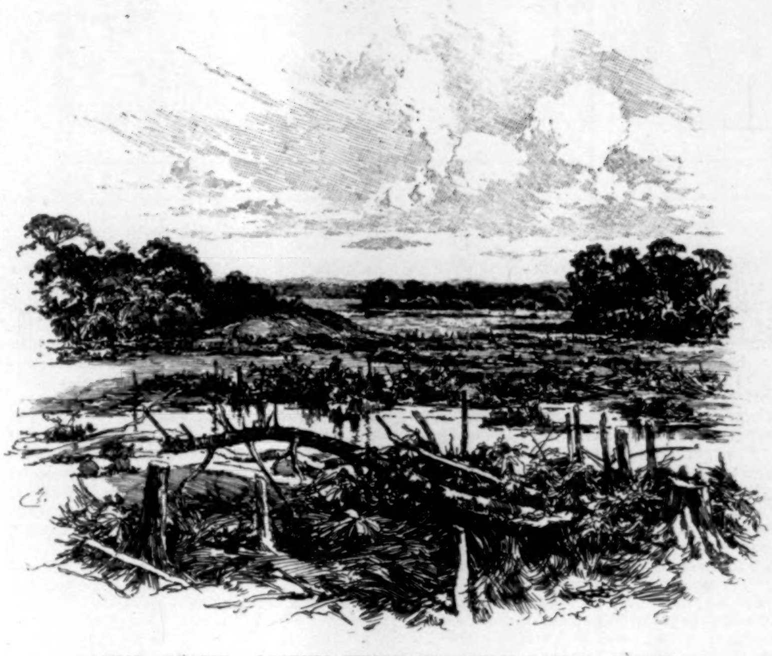
8. *The Reservoir.*—It was necessary to get a supply of pure water for the settlement at Greytown, where there is much decaying vegetable matter. A dam was built, or is now building, at the source of the Caño La Paz, where the stream flows over a bed of trap-rock in a narrow valley ten miles from Greytown, and in October the site for a reservoir was cleared.

9. *Clearing the Timber.*—In the spring a distance of eleven miles of timber and bush was cleared along the line of the canal, the most difficult part of the line to clear, as it was mostly swamp land, and there was at the time—in January—a rainfall of sixty-four inches. It does not appear how much clearing has been done during the year.

10. *The Detail Surveys.*—The concession merely indicated the general line of the canal, leaving to the company the utmost possible discretion. Surveys for the final location of the entire line have now been completed, and "detail surveys of the sites of all embankments, dams, and locks are very nearly finished." This was the report of the division engineer in October; by this time this work is probably finished. The whole coun-

try has now been thoroughly explored. Over four thousand miles of transit and level lines have been run by the company's engineers in nine parties—six land-surveying parties, one hydrographic party, and two boring parties—who have made careful cross sections and maps for the purpose of ascertaining every factor and eliminating every doubt. This work, for which Mr. Menocal is fitted by an unusually long and special experience, has been watched by many foreign agents from time to time, and has been uniformly praised.

11. *The Result of Borings.*—In locating the sites for dams and locks, borings had been made previously till rock was struck. Recently this work has been gone over again with diamond drills, which not only penetrate the rock, but bring to the surface a portion of each successive layer. This drilling has been continued to the bottom level of the canal, and to the foundation level of the proposed locks and dams, so as to determine the precise character of that foundation. The results show that of the six locks it is intended to erect, all but Lock No. 1 are certainly on rock, and that the material under that one is so hard as to be impenetrable by boring tools. The drilling along the site of the canal shows results equally favorable. Of natural watercourses, or artificial basins, requiring no work at all on them to give 30 feet of water, there are 98.84 miles; of basin, river, and lake navigation requiring earth dredging below the proposed water surface only, to give 30 feet of water, there are 29.94 miles; of similar navigation having a layer of rock in the bottom to be excavated or dredged, there are 13.83 miles; of *canal sections*, dredged in at sea-level, there are 10.57 miles; of earth thorough cuts with no rock; there are 4.566 miles; of earth thorough cuts with some rock, there are 2.354 miles. Of the rock, there is a certain amount of consolidated volcanic débris that is very easily excavated; the earths, too, are mostly clay, or mixed sand and clay, that holds water remarkably well, and there is only a small proportion of loam in objectionable positions. It is also the general opinion that the rock, where there are to be deep cuts, will hold a steep slope well, unlike much of the rock at Panama.



CANAL CLEARING, LOOKING WESTWARD ACROSS LAGUNA BÈNARO.

SUMMARY.

This is perhaps a fair and complete summary of the work as yet done by the construction company. Ninety per cent. of it is only preparatory. The actual construction of the canal itself, and of the works contemplated by the concession, is not yet begun. The year, however, has not been wasted. Laborers have been obtained chiefly from Jamaica. Last October it is understood that 1849 men were employed, but before the work is finished it is probable that the company can employ profitably all the labor it can find means to hire. It was estimated that laborers could not be had for less than one dollar a day, but the company finds, it is believed, that it can get all it wants at from $20 to $22 a month.

Though only preparatory, the work done has been expensive. But necessary material has been purchased, the surveys had to be made, and the pier-building, railroad-making, and the telegraph line are all permanent improvements. Although so far probably $5,000,000 have been spent, the cost of the work is not regarded by the company as excessive, and is said to be rather within than above the original estimates.

THE WORK TO BE DONE.

1. *At the Eastern Terminus.*—At Greytown the pier is to be extended to a final length of 2000 feet, the entrance channel deepened to 30 feet, with a width of 500 feet at the bottom. The inner basin, including an enlarged section of the canal, is to have an area of 341 acres of water 28 feet deep, which will be still further increased by the undredged portions of the rest of the inner bay, where in many places it is 20 feet deep. Thence in a southwesterly direction the canal will be run in almost a direct line to Ochoa, where it will meet the San Juan River.

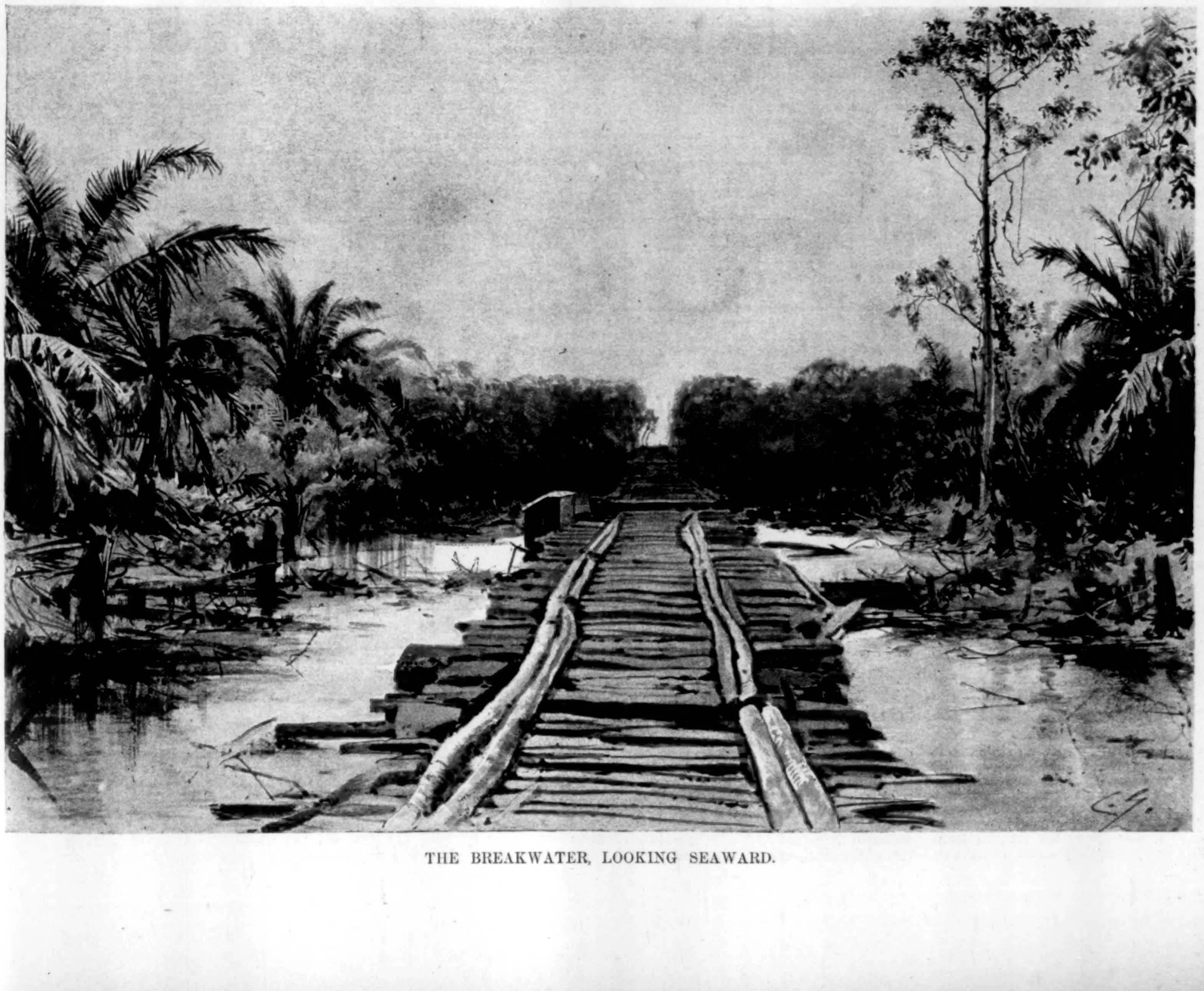
2. *On the Canal from Greytown to the San Juan.*—The first nine miles will be excavated through alluvial land in the valley of the small stream Deseado, which, when necessary, will be diverted by artificial channels. So far the canal will be at sea-level, forming practically a continuation of the harbor, and wide enough to allow vessels to pass in opposite directions.

At a suitable rise of land in the lower valley of the Deseado will be Lock No. 1, with a lift of 30 feet. For a little over one mile the canal will continue through the river valley, chiefly clay and loam, which will be partly flooded by low embankments, to a hill on the south side of the valley, where will be built Lock No. 2, with a lift of 31 feet. For the next two miles the valley will be flooded by a dam 38 feet high and 1300 feet long, and by two embankments, and the only excavation needed will be through three low clay hills till the canal reaches Lock No. 3, with a lift of 45 feet. Here, by one long embankment 70 feet high and many smaller embankments, a basin is to be formed in the stream valley for two miles and a half, 106 feet above the sea—that is, at the summit level of the canal—from 30 to 70 feet deep. In this basin, called the Upper Basin, many ships may turn out and wait for passage through the lower locks. At its western end begins the eastern divide cut, nearly three miles long, through solid rock, from 340 to 140 feet deep, allowing a depth of 30 feet for the canal. Here will be over twenty per cent. of the total excavation on the whole canal.

For the next twelve miles the canal for three-quarters of a mile will pass through a rolling country in the lower valley of the Limpio, through the valleys of the Limpio and Chauchos to near the confluence of the Chauchos with the San Francisco, up the valley of the San Francisco to a pass in the hills on the west, along the Florida Lake Swamp to its western end, through a high rolling country into the valley of the Machado, and up a tributary of the Machado to the river San Juan. The whole distance is twelve miles and a half, of which three-quarters are in tangents, and the rest in curves of from 4000 to a little under 1200 feet radius. Eight gaps in the hills will have to be closed by embankments, altogether about 2500 feet long at the bottom, 1200 feet long at the top, with a maximum depth of 60 feet below water-level. Fifty-nine smaller embankments will also be needed, rising six feet above water-level, from one to fifty feet high, and altogether about 18,000 feet long at the top. Of the whole distance of twelve miles and a half, less than four miles will need any excavation, and only a mile and a quarter of the channel will need to be wholly excavated. Here there will be several wide and deep basins for anchorage and free passage.

By the adoption of this route instead of that first proposed along the banks of the San Juan, there is not only a saving of some miles, but greater safety is provided from danger of floods. There are nearly five thousand feet of spillway over the embankments, the weirs in the basin have a discharge of 90,200 cubic feet per second, and by a guard gate in one of the cuts the waters of the San Juan can be shut off entirely. Moreover, a large proportion of the water-shed, which would otherwise have to be provided for, is avoided; so that, although rainfalls of more than six inches in twenty-four hours are not infrequent, the danger of floods is reduced to a minimum.

3. *Along the San Juan and the Lake.*—The canal will meet the San Juan at Ochoa. The river here is only eight feet deep, and to make it navigable it is only necessary to build a single dam where two steep hills afford ample support for the necessary abutments. The dam is to be 500 feet thick at the bottom, 25 feet thick at the top, with a length of weir of 1250 feet, and with abutments 650 feet long. This dam will raise the water in the river to



THE BREAKWATER, LOOKING SEAWARD.